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FLIM-FLAMS!

OR THE

LIFE AND ERRORS

OF

MY UNCLE AND HIS FRIENDS!

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND OBSCURITIES,

BY

MESSIEURS TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

A LITERARY ROMANCE.

"While he is accounting for the origin of the WINDS, he has no leisure to attend to their influence on himself; and while he considers what the SUN is made of, forgets that he has not shone for a month. One PROJECT supplants another. The *vortices* of DESCARTES gave way to the *gravitation* of NEWTON, and this again is threatened by the *electrical fluid* of a Modern. ONE GENERATION BLOWS BUBBLES, AND THE NEXT BREAKS THEM. COWPER's *Letters, vol.* iii. *p.* 196.

IN THREE VOLUMES, WITH ELEVEN PLATES.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH MATERIAL ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

XX.

CONTOUR's Villa and Landscape Garden..... 1

XXI.

The Pleiades! their united State before they were splintered by the REVIEWS.—CONTOUR relinquishes his Curiosities to his particular Friends—Regulating the Winds—Jeremiahads on Apple Trees 19

XXII.

My Uncle hires a Swedish Philo to dephlegmatise himself—Cross Accidents of an Experimentalist—Jacob converts the Swede into an INK-HORN—Terrible Effects of a FIT of thinking on my Uncle. 30

XXIII.

The Literary Tortures which my Uncle and the Swede undergo, in "a subsequent Infusion of Genius."..... 35

110020

XXIV.

"A short but sharp and learned Judgment of Earthquakes," with the Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather! 49

XXV.

ZIMMERMAN on Solitude highly extolled—Of the real Advantages derived from Solitude—My Uncle's Invention of a Portable Philosophical Solitude—How Swartenzach attacks my Uncle's Common-place Book! 57

XXVI.

Nature and a Machinist!—Discoveries which lead my Uncle to inveigh against the Disgrace of Digestion 64

XXVII.

Philosophical Amazons—The Effects of a Course of Philosophy among them—Miss ELEANORA—A Ventilating Hat, and an Incombustible Cap productive of Philosophical Sympathies—Her short Letter, with Enthusiastic Postscripts—Her Anatomical Studies, with an Apology for a Pair of Breeches..... 76

XXVIII.

CONTOUR's Tortures of Taste! too exquisite Eyes and Ears!—How CONTOUR's Oven was on fire, and his Bread and Baker both scorched!... 96

XXIX.

Tit for Tat—A Medallic Lick and Flavour!—And how to make a genuine Counterfeit! 110

XXX.

The AURELIANS, or Butterfly Hunters—Exhibiting several bold Sketches of Entomology... ... 114

XXXI.

How MARCUS ANTONINUS would have plunged into a Ditch, with a better Grace, than my Uncle!... 128

XXXII.

The Creation of the World discovered in a Ditch—Alarming Systems—Comfortable Close! 137

XXXIII.

A Hunt, in which my Uncle proves to be the Game! 166

XXXIV.

A Duel described between Nature and a Chemist—Of the Threats of the latter against the former—And how the Chemist finally triumphs.... 169

XXXV.

The GOLDEN AGE! at present consisting of German Substitutes! washing a Blackamoor white—An Apology for having been in HEAVEN! 177

XXXVI.

The Anti-Sublime in Science with several beautiful Illustrations! 197

XXXVII.

A Poetical Cook—Eulogium on Cookery by a Critic, but not on Criticism, by a Cook! 207

XXXVIII.

A Sonnetteer confined to his Bed! 217

XXXIX.

Hints for Travelling..... 225

XL.

The Travellers—An Anti-Lavaterist—A Sublime Pedestrian—A Basáltine—A Sentimental Russian—A Minor British Pedestrian—A Picturesque Tourist..... 233

XLI.

Some of my Uncle's Projects—Of Mr. TOPSY-TURVY, Member of the Society for the Encouragement of Gimlets and Gimlet-holes!..... 253

ADDENDA.

Vol. II.—Page 41.

INSERT the following Note after the Words in the Text—

"The corrections cost more trouble than the whole
"was worth *—"

* A refined Critic can instantly perceive when a work is composed by an author *walking* or *sitting!* Professor DUGALD STEWART informs us, that "ADAM SMITH generally *walked up and down his apartment*, dictating to a secretary. HUME's works were written with his own hand. A critical reader (observes the Professor) may, I think, perceive in the different *styles* of these two classical writers, *the effects of their different modes of study!*" I have thought proper to add this Anecdote, because my Uncle's *attempts* at thinking and writing, have been considered by some very honest souls, as so many fantastic efforts; while, as usual, every word I have written is *true!* I am a martyr to the cause of TRUTH! Your Honours may abuse me! but to tread upon me, is only to tread on that bitter sanative *camomile!* which the more it is trodden on, it is said, grows up the stronger!

Page 188.—The attempt of *washing a blackamoor white*, recorded in the *Note*, is described by Dr. BEDDOES in his "Considerations on Factitious Airs," *p.* 45. The distressed Negro was lured on to the experiment by being flattered that

it would be as good as a *life annuity;* yet the promise of the Chemist was couched in the most guarded language, "He was to exhibit the appearance, *if it should be curious,* for the relief of his family!" His fingers acquired an appearance as if white lead had been laid upon them; but, alas! "this did not prove permanent!" and this *chemical life annuity* never produced the annuitant even the first quarter!

Page 200, *Note.*—After the words "*Philosophical Transactions,*" insert—One of them bore himself patient to 260 degrees of heat, without being roasted alive!

FLIM-FLAMS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER XX.

Let no servile copyist appear,
To build his paltry imitations here;
To show poor Baalbec dwindled to the eye,
And Pœstum's fanes with columns six feet high!
KNIGHT's LANDSCAPE, *Book* II. *v.* 302.

O pensa quel che tu diresti se tu la videssi con gli OCCHI *di* SALVATOR ROSA!
SALVATOR ROSA *on his own Eyes!*

CONTOUR'S VILLA AND LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

THESE, have sharpened the dialect of connoisseurship, from ecstasy into epigram, and raised pretty hard words, in the politer circles —while meaner eyes, who could never comprehend CONTOUR's picturesque taste, va-

garies, and *vertu*, rashly deemed that he meant to confound Brobdignag with Lilliput.

The house had a Grecian portico, which made us feel the want of a Grecian sun; for while some were rapt in admiration of the harmony of the proportions, the beauty of the columns, and the richness of the entablature,—the winds, with a British roughness, twitched the dilettante!

The interior of the house was Egypto-Greco-Chineso-Moresco! When walked over, it was whispered that you had just passed through remotest ages! Ah! my head turned as I escaped through ugly Egypt, brown Etruria, and gaudy China!

As CONTOUR was his own upholsterer, cabinet-maker, &c. &c. the FURNITURE was trimly classical*. The knocker at his door

* Mr. REPTON offers, "as a professor of taste, to give designs for FURNITURE to the upholsterers, &c."

was a lyre, which was struck by an ivory *plectrum;* the two bronze *sarcophagi* in his

—gratuitously, I conjecture, to those for whom he writes "A RED-BOOK," price fifty to one hundred guineas! besides travelling expences, (five guineas *per diem,*) and a certain sum *per diem* while he is on *a visit!* I myself have paid five guineas for his "Landscape Gardening"—dear, but pretty!

These much talked of "RED-BOOKS" are notes, in which Mr. REPTON puts down his opinions of the *(wretched)* state of the grounds he is called on to review, and of the *(wonderful)* improveable state he could carry them to—for any country gentleman, to whom

"Some dæmon whisper'd, VISTO, have a taste!"
POPE.

I have heard a curious anecdote of *an improver.*—Col. C——, hearing he was a mile from his house, requested his company to dinner, and received him at his gate. To his surprise, he saw the improver in a post-chaise, who shook his head sadly at the Colonel. "Drive,"—said the improver to the post-boy, "to that white house the shortest way you can; that is, in a straight line!" The boy gallopped, ploughing up in his way a beautiful lawn, but succeeded at length in reaching the Colonel's house in a straight line. The *improver,* benevolently turning to the Colonel, said,

hall, served as a pair of coal-scuttles; and the *Roman shields* hung in his rooms were

" I did this to convince you, that *you do not know the way to your own house!*"

The Colonel, alarmed at this first element of the improver's art, gave him his dinner, paid him for his *visit*, and repaired his damaged lawn, which still retains a straight line, to shew the Colonel how to enter his own house!

Considering the *price* Mr. REPTON charges for his RED-BOOKS, I must say he values every line he writes like "*the golden lines* of PYTHAGORAS," and when he opens his mouth to a country-gentleman, he may be honourably distinguished by the title SAINT CHRYSOSTOM obtained, *the golden-mouthed*. Indeed the very *sight of* GOLD is so *picturesque*, or at least so *beautiful*, an object to him (for high disputes have arisen among the dilettante, which is which) that Mr. REPTON says, and mark his words!— "From the *observations* I have made on the *effect* of GOLD in *large masses*, I have often considered *gilding the dome of St. Paul's* as a subject worthy of this nation's wealth!" With the same sagacity and quickness of feeling, Mr. REPTON rates the *value* of SILVER; for he says, "To *silver* (if the surface be too plain) WE annex (that is, Messieurs REPTONS, father and son!) the idea of *tin* or *pewter!!!*"

girandoles! He kept his old clothes, in the temple of Minerva at Athens!

When CONTOUR, in a classical frenzy, sighed to revive the golden days of Homer, he hurried up-stairs, squatted on a bull's hide, (the very thing was in his Grecian apartment) and, with the Ilias before him, broiled his own beef-steaks*.

* It is a circumstance peculiar to the times, that TASTE has proved a fertile source of LAW! Plaintiff and defendant have not however entered the *courts*, with a view to adjust the differences existing between Messieurs KNIGHT, PRICE, and REPTON—these still remain to be litigated!

Law-suits have only taken place when the *picturesquists* count up the *picturesque*, into three ugly red straight lines, of pounds, shillings, and pence! When a FAMILY is by this means enabled to form an *accurate conception* of this *disputable quality*, they do not care whether (as Mr. PRICE will have it) it is *smooth* enough to be classed with the BEAUTIFUL, or *rough* enough to be ranked with the SUBLIME; they however (looking over the account) discover, that the character of the PICTURESQUE is to have a *variety of parts*. The FAMILY, instantly refer the whole to that *arbiter elegantiarum*, their *attorney!*

CONTOUR's grounds consisted of about an acre, while, poor man! he had a picturesque

The grave apes of fashion, in this process of taste, first apply to a paper-hanger, who usually fixes on a *style*. At his loud call, spirits Ægyptian, Etrurian, Chinese, Turkish, or Gothic, pour through the apartment a dazzling glare of gaudy gaiety, or make it most solemn, with brown and black masses of ponderous antiquity.

A merchant, lately, refused to pay £500. for furnishing his drawing-room! The style was proved in *court*, to be *correctly Indian*. The jury instantly decided, in favour of the manufacturer of savannahs.

In the grounds of a late Baronet, some CONTOUR unluckily pointed out to his lady, a certain part which, though *dry land*, only wanted, to be the most picturesque scene on the estate—A BRIDGE! an iron bridge was thrown over it! The point of view was magical—the bill more so! Payment refused! Witnesses for defendant swore the whole was a whim of her ladyship's—that the bridge had been only erected for the sake of—*a mere view of a bridge!* that every one walked *under* it, never *on* it! Nevertheless, the Baronet was fined in all "the pains and penalties" of TASTE, and paid half of a thousand pounds, for the *view of a bridge over dry land!*

A man of sublime taste, recently had his dining parlour, fitted up as—*an Ægyptian Temple!* The

soul for a county! Yet was he content, for his "improver" had solemnly told him,

paper-hangers had seized on "the *general character of the ancient seat of the Ptolemies!*" Elephants were ranging in forests, crocodiles reposing on the shores of the Nile, and the source of the Nile itself, had been actually discovered by the paper-hanger!

The plaintiff paper-hanger, brought other paper-hangers into court, who deposed in all the feeling ecstasies of art, in favour of one of its miracles! They described "a *system* of arcades, presenting *eleven distinct views of the* NILE! The country, from the *Cataracts* to *Grand Cairo,* was all contained, in twelve columns of the Egyptian taste, covered with well-spelt hieroglyphicks; while in several corners of the dining-parlour, stood the dispersed and whale-bone family of Apis, Isis, and Anubis, whose portraits were as much likenesses, as if copied after life!

For the defendant, Mr. ERSKINE shamefully succeeded in perpetual ridicule! The *eleven* views he unmercifully attempted to reduce to *two,* pretending that they had been thus multiplied, by the dexterous management of the *paws* of an *enormous sphinx!* In vain the whole was described as a coarse panorama, by a great painter, where an effect is produced without labour or talent: in vain another declared that with the Nile on his right, and Grand Cairo on his left, yet not for a moment could he conceive himself

" that the providence of the Author of Na-

transported to the vale of the imperial Saladin—however one of the paper-hangers swore that *his* imagination was most impressively impressed with this idea!—The imagination of a paper-hanger!—Instantly verdict for the plaintiffs, *Apis*, *Isis*, and *Anubis!*

In this age of whimsical taste, the apartments of the Pavilion at Brighton have been converted into Chinese! To have been able to collect among brokers shops, all this grotesque lumber, and to refit this crazy collection, must have given much sorrow and vexation to Brighton carpenters, glaziers, and painters. —How must they have racked their honest heads to twist the bamboo chairs, to glaze the rainbow-coloured lanthorns, and gild the green dragons that grimly grin about the bed-chambers! If this ugly and obsolete taste still charms the person who directed it, why should it be confined to the *inside* of the Pavilion, while the *Steyne* opens to his Chinese eye? There are a few trees, and there is a fine lawn!

" MONKEYS may climb those trees, and LIZARDS crawl."

HEROIC EPISTLE *to Sir W. Chambers.*

At length the *picturesque* has descended to our *shop boards!* Mr. REINAGLE with great propriety and taste, on the entrance to his delightful Panorama, placed the old Roman characters—instantly our sign painters laboured to imitate the roughness of

ture is equal to all men—even to those who live on *Clapham Common* !*"

At first CONTOUR, to lay out his grounds, was satisfied to employ "an improver," who is a person so called by "the craft of improvers." The improver made "a pleasure ground," or, as he sometimes dignified it, "a landscape garden." He planted, he scooped, and he levelled! A gravel walk—a lawn—water—clump and belt! All *smooth,*

the half-obliterated letters, turned W's into V's, and made the shop-keeper very doubtful how to write his own name! Enquiring of an honest tradesman what this new-old alphabet meant, he assured me, that these were the *letters,* with which the ancient ÆGYPTIANS *wrote English!*

* "Such is the equal providence of the Author of Nature, that every place has its beauties and deformities, whether situated among the mountains of Wales, or on the *margin of Clapham Common!*"

REPTON *on Landschape Gardening, p.* 134.

An exhilarating hope for those who live in the suburbs of this great town, and not unfavourable to the VIEWS of an *improver!*

to the eye and foot!—To *dress*, to *shave*, to *make water*, formed the clean circle of his ambition*.

This done, he declared "it was a comfortable spot, fit for a christian to live in, and delightful to common observers†."

* These are technical terms,—a *dressed* lane—a *shaven* bank—*made water*, for artificial water conducted into grounds where it never was before, and is usually what is called very *tame!* Nature makes her banks and water at one heat; but an improver always is obliged to *build his banks afterwards!* The late Mr. BROWN, the father of our improvers, was in such an ecstasy when one of his *works* was commended, that he cried out, "None but your Browns and your God Almighties can do such things as these!" Mr. PRICE, who gives the anecdote, justly observes, "This is very blasphemous indeed."

† Such is the pleasant and mild language of Mr. REPTON—but hear his adversaries! two country gentlemen, but at the same time members of the Dilettante Society!

First Mr. KNIGHT, in very intelligible verses, sings,

"Prim *gravel walks* through which we winding go,
In *endless serpentines*, that nothing show;

When all was done, CONTOUR turned up his nose at "the neatness, simplicity, and

Till tired I ask, why this eternal round?
And the pert gardener says, 'tis *pleasure ground!*
This pleasure ground! astonish'd, I exclaim,
To me Moorfields as well deserves the name;
Something more entertaining there is seen
Than *red-hot gravel, fringed with tawdry green.*"

KNIGHT's *Landscape, b.* iii. *v.* 225.

Mr. KNIGHT has recently published "An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of TASTE," of very great and *original* merit—perhaps he *reasons* too much, and *feels* too *little;* but his life must have past in a series of perpetual *observations!*

I shall make no apology for Mr. UVEDALE PRICE's *language!* "The *true Improver,* if carried to a scene *merely picturesque,* is *bewildered* with its variety and intricacy, the *charms* of which he neither *relishes,* nor *comprehends;* and longs to be *crawling* (he had just compared him to *a snail travelling in his own slime!* Heavens! is this the language of a country gentleman and a dilettante! Well, patience! proceed, Sir!) to be *crawling* among his clumps, and *debating* about the *tenth part of an inch,* in the turn of a gravel walk."

PRICE *on the Picturesque, vol.* i. *p.* 387.

elegance of *English* gardening!"—'twas merely *beautiful!* He afterwards debated whether it was so!

The truth is, that CONTOUR, who had become crazy with *pictures*, took up an odd conceit, that nature ought to be *picturesque*, in the sense he affixed to that term! Of the levelled, the polished, the harmonious scene of mild and cultivated beauty, this gentleman rudely swore that the neatness was primness; the simplicity, baldness; the smoothness, monotony! The whole was laboured littleness!

He insisted that all should be abrupt, wild, rough, and intricate—that his trees, water, buildings, &c. were to be grouped, separated, selected, and combined—with an unity of character, and with a breadth and effect of light and shade, and with I know not what of harmonious tints!

"The Improver," having listened with astonishment to CONTOUR, inquired if he was not talking of *a picture*.

"Yes!" exclaimed CONTOUR, "of a picture, and of my landscape-garden! a piece of canvass and a piece of ground!"

"The Improver," closing with great composure his Red-book, observed, that "Gaspar Poussin could, in three yards of canvass, select the most interesting parts of a scene, and leave out the rest—we work with different materials! The earth is no canvass, the spade is no pencil, the foliage are no tints that mingle to the hues we wish—except in the verses of the Garden Poets*. The pen and the pencil are instruments of magic; the spade I feel every day, is but a spade!"

"'Tis ignorance! 'tis calumny! 'tis conceit! 'tis a want of liberal views! 'tis a want

* MASON'S *English Garden*, and DE LILLE'S *Les Jardins*.

of a collection of paintings!"—Alas! was this language fitted for an AMATEUR? But poor CONTOUR had just then discovered that the principal feature in the *picturesque*—was IRRITATION*! All the day, and in the evening,

* Mr. PRICE, in his "Character of the Pleasures arising from IRRITATION," asserts it contains "the source of our most active and lively pleasures, but eager, hurrying, and impetuous." Again. "A certain degree of stimulus, or *irritation*, is necessary to the picturesque."—Both Mr. PRICE's *prose* and Mr. KNIGHT's *verse* shew the most evident mastery in their favourite quality of *irritation*, understanding the term as all *men of sense* do.

Mr. REPTON replies to his dilettanti friends!—for Messieurs PRICE and KNIGHT were his friends, till they used such hard words concerning how Mr. REPTON was to lay out the gardens of those persons who were so obliging as to give him the preference in his own profession. There was the blunder! They wish to raise GARDENING into a *fine art*, which it is not, and He into an *honest trade*, which it really is!

"You and Mr. Knight are in the habits of admiring fine pictures, and both live amidst bold and picturesque scenery. This may have rendered you insensible to the beauty of those milder scenes that

and through the night, was he perambulating his acre—studying a wild, heathy, rocky

have charms for common observers, I will not arraign your taste, or call it *vitiated*, but your palate certainly requires a degree of 'irritation,' rarely to be expected in *garden scenery*."

Again, he judiciously observes, still attempting to calm the perturbed minds of this couple of unhappy dilettanti—What a good, meek, kind-hearted layer-out-of-grounds is Mr. REPTON!

"There are a thousand scenes in Nature to delight the eye, besides those which may be copied as *pictures;* indeed, Mr. GILPIN has regretted that few are capable of being so represented without considerable licence and *alteration*."

Once more. "If the *painter's landscape* be indispensable to the perfection of *gardening*, it would be better to *paint it on canvass*, at the end of an *avenue*, as they do in Holland, than to sacrifice the health, cheerfulness, and comfort of a country residence to the wild scenery of a painter's imagination."

REPTON's *Letter to* PRICE.

This *Dutch* notion of a picturesque landscape is worthy of the elegant and playful sensibilities of our present Raphael. Scenes of *this nature* have been eagerly caught by Messieurs Price and Knight, when they occasionally took an evening's collation of tea and hot rolls at Bagnigge Wells, where the present

scene for the eye of SALVATOR ROSA; and, I believe, would have cheerfully admitted a den of thieves into his grounds for the sake of having a banditti worthy of the pencil of that artist—or, he was looking after picturesque accidents in nature, "contrasts of form, colour, light, and shadow—the play of foliage and sun-beams in a dark wood! Then, torrents, and *dead bodies* of men and

annotator had the honour of illustrating a few of their ideas from his own *Sketch-Book*, taken in the environs. At length we differed materially concerning *picturesqueness*.—These connoisseurs, having a lively feeling for antique grandeur, I wished either of them to purchase *Temple Bar* (which is about being removed)—for an approach or entrance to their picturesque grounds. They rejected the idea—and I, them! I rejoice, however, to inform the *cognoscenti*, that *Temple Bar* will still be preserved! My project, has been adopted with eager taste, by the elegant genius, of no less an amateur than a *Banker*, who is about to affix it in his rustic scenery, that he may never lose sight of an object so justly endeared to him—*the east side of Temple Bar!*

BOBTAIL.

animals ; cataracts of light, clouds and darkness," for the picturesque pencil of RUBENS !

But, alas ! our RAPHAEL was never pleased with the present state of things ; they were either *to be*, or they *had past !* If his visitors admired his improvements, he would shake his head, and beg them to wait patiently till the whole hit his fancy—but, lo ! when the trees and the shrubs had just attained the *picturesqueness*, for which his soul panted—in a year or two, they would outgrow their situation, so changing the entire *character* of the scene, that CONTOUR raved and wailed at Nature ! for not suddenly checking her universal power of vegetation, to bewitch, continually, the visionary eye of a humoursome *Picturesquist !*

How much wiser was KENT, the venerable father of our Picturesquists !—to secure an effect, he planted *a dead tree* !*

* I beg leave to wind up the whole with a private

nip, or tickling flim-flam, from the pen of Mr. REPTON, who, (is it possible!) I am told, anathematises my quips and quiddities!

"The idea of deriving all our instruction from the works of great *painters*, is so *ingenious* and *useful*, that it ought not to be confined to *gardening* and *building*. In our *markets*, for instance, instead of that formal prim custom of displaying poultry, fish, and fruit, for sale on different stalls, why should we not rather copy the picturesque jumble of *Schnyders* and *Rubens?* Our *kitchens* may be furnished after the designs of *Teniers* and *Ostade;* our *stables* after *Woovermans*; and we may learn to *dance* from *Watteau* or *Zuccarelli:* in short, there is no individual, from the emperor to the cobler, who may not find a *model* for his *imitation* in the *works of painters*, if he will consult the whole series, from Guido to Teniers."

REPTON *on Landscape Gardening*, *p.* 118.

CHAPTER XXI.

These GENTLES may not please you, but they're new,
And hope you'll say that I have drawn them true;
Yet NO ONE COXCOMB in our glass is shewn,
No ONE MAN's HUMOUR makes a part alone,
But SCATTERED FOLLIES gather'd into ONE!

Prologue to SHADWELL's VIRTUOSO.

THE PLEIADES! THEIR UNITED STATE BEFORE THEY WERE SPLINTERED BY THE *REVIEWS*.—*CONTOUR* RELINQUISHES HIS CURIOSITIES TO HIS PARTICULAR FRIENDS — REGULATING THE WINDS—JEREMIAHADS ON APPLE TREES.

BEFORE the REVIEWS so heated our light veneer, and made us all fly into splinters, and broke us up like so many odds and ends, we were all too happy, to be prudent. CONTOUR's *Arcadians* never enjoyed their golden age, their holiday of foolery, as we did at

the Cat and Fiddle. We entertained an extraordinary notion of the great book we proposed to be concerned in writing; and once intended, so confident were we of our encyclopedic powers, to pit our county against all England; we were desirous that they should question us in all the arts and sciences, as our county had already been distinguished by its cricket-matches. But, as no man is a prophet among his neighbours, and few souls in the country are enlarged enough, to have any definite notions of *London* and *Posterity*, they talked of us, and our book, as a mere banter; we were an evening joke; and they bespoke our volume long before it was printed, that they might have it as a jest-book, for the year round.

Our book, the source of our raptures and our sorrows, was like the oil of rhodium, which sweetly intoxicates rats, by the agreeable scent of the *drug*; it gives exquisite

pleasure for the time, to these noxious Epicureans—at length it serves to poison them!

But to give you a notion of our happiness!

CONTOUR admired my Uncle's erudition, initiated him into all the mysteries of *taste*, and displayed all the miracles of *vertu*. My methodical Uncle began the new year with these new studies; and, before Lady-Day, did he most profoundly prattle in the mottled vocabulary of connoisseurship. CONTOUR generously made him a present of a cast of the *Torso* of Hercules, and another of the Venus Callipyga—and my Uncle grew so familiar with Hercules's back, and this Venus *aux belles fesses*, that he has stood in the dark feeling them, assuring us he was in an ecstasy*! These gifts maddened the owner

* Even SMOLLETT felt his heart softened, if not his passions inflamed, by too close a scrutiny of the *Venus de Medicis*. He confesses he thinks her *features* are far from beautiful—but her limbs and pro-

to possess some fine originals! and he persuaded CONTOUR to *relinquish* in his favour* (my Uncle first paying a round sum) an Io of Correggio, and a sun-set of Claude's; in the latter CONTOUR swore you might see the sun shine through the canvass—I wish the sun had never shone on it! I never viewed it, but it reminded me of the sum it had cost the family. When I urged my dear Uncle to hint this, and to try to get some of the money returned, Mr. CONTOUR, to satisfy

portions are elegantly formed, "and the *back-parts* especially are executed so happily as to excite the admiration of the most indifferent spectator!" He exclaims with LUCIAN, "*Ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent!*" &c.

SMOLLETT's *Works, vol.* v. *p.* 446.

* *To relinquish in favour of any one,* is a term which our COLLECTORS employ with a brother, when, at a sale, one generously resolves not to outbid another for any curious article, though in his heart he silently pants for it.—He waits for an opportunity where there is less likelihood of such purse-bloody opposition.

him that he had had a lucky bargain, threw him in an antique bust of Homer, which he had picked up in the Isle of Chios. WILMOT declared then it must have been the sign of some Grecian public-house, and that the Red Lion in our village had more of the majesty of Homer's head, than this bust! WILMOT was a mischief-maker, and raised among us small difficulties concerning great matters, which, in the fine arts, and in philosophy, play the devil with the amateurs!

CONTOUR had so bewitched our bard, DICK, with some of his ancient engraved stones, for seals and rings, that the poor devilet of a poet ruined himself by purchasing two Greek gems—a seal, on which was engraven *a butterfly burning on a torch*; this typified, in the fine allegorical taste of the ancients, the ardent soul of genius;—a ring, in which a Grecian artist had playfully engraven *a butterfly fluttering over a lyre*;

emblematic of the melody, and versatility, of the poet. Homer and Anacreon might have worn them! but Dick's fingers thus bedizneed, seemed infected with a more inveterate eruption of rhyme.

GOBBO now had turned a WIND-CATCHER, and was reducing METEOROLOGY to a science. He proposed, nay, he was actually engaged in *bridling* the WINDS, *classifying* the CLOUDS, and *calculating* the WEATHER.

It was, indeed, GOBBO's opinion, that shortly we might be able to *direct* a N. E. or a S. W. at our convenience; and in sending out a fleet, like Lapland witches, sell an accompanying WIND*! He would keep a

* Professor WATERHOUSE, with Dr. MITCHILL, (Americans) have been of late *very windy!*

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally they rode;
And on *the wings of all the winds*
Came *flying all abroad!*

The Professor advises us "to unite our efforts to

sharp look out for CLOUDS, which he called *going a skying*, and has published some *fine*

fill up a dreary blank left in science by the ancients." (This dreary blank is, a knowledge of the WINDS.) He thinks "we may form a system which may teach us TO BRIDLE THE WINDS THEMSELVES, and render them *farther subservient to human uses!*" —Philos. Mag. *vol.* xiii. *p.* 363.

See Dr. MITCHILL's Account of a North-east Storm, or Memorandums how the Winds blew, *p.* 273. While the celebrated KIRWAN is pursuing the science of METEOROLOGY with the sober researches of a Briton, on the continent they are proceeding with a *velocity* and *obscurity*, resembling the nature of their favourite objects—the WINDS and CLOUDS! In the Literary Journal for April 1804, I find the following curious piece of intelligence.—"Citizen LA MARC is *intensely engaged* in making *meteorological observations*. He *thinks* that STORMS and TEMPESTS, which have *hitherto* appeared so *disorderly* and *uncertain*, may, like the different eclipses, be reduced to the rules of calculation. He speaks with *great confidence* of his *discoveries*—to his *private friends!*"—This is a remarkable piece of modesty in a Frenchman! only to his *private friends!* depend on it, Citizen LA MARC will not keep a STORM or a TEMPEST cold in his pocket, merely for the gratification of his *private friends*.—Since

specimens of CLOUDS, which he must have drawn with a rapid hand, and therefore who will swear to them as *exact likenesses* *!"

writing this, I am sorry to find that Citizen LA MARC, who was so *intensely engaged* with the WINDS, has unluckily opened his eyes, and is running wild to catch *a new comet!* However we have a very industrious society at Berlin; they call themselves SEARCHERS INTO NATURE, and have offered a handsome premium for any one, who "*can prevent* HAIL *from gathering in the* CLOUDS!!"

PHIL. MAG. *vol.* ii. *p.* 197.

* CLOUDS are not (says the most ingenious writer on this subject) an useless pursuit of *shadows*—they are commonly as good visible indications of the sky, as is the *countenance* of the state of a person's mind, or body."—I hope he will not discover a *cloud in a passion*, as indeed a Philo not long ago asserted, that so much gunpowder used in wars makes the atmosphere very *turbulent*, producing *billows of air* and *tearing the atmosphere*, and he has actually seen "*a cloud shot dead.*" A million of pounds of powder, he asserts, fired off in Europe, will ruin us in *fine weather* for several years.

But to return to "cloud-compelling Jove." He says, that the modifications of clouds are as distinguishable as a *tree* from a *hill*, and the latter from a *lake*.—This ingenious observer has attempted to give

My Uncle would sympathize with "*the Orchardist of all England*," who was at times extremely querulous, and foretold, in a style similar to the Lamentations of Jeremiah—the fortunes and the fates of APPLES! When Jacob deplored the loss of several STARS,

a *nomenclature* for the clouds, so that any common observer may now have the pleasure, when he talks of cloudy weather, to acquaint us with precision, what he means—nay, he can even *note down* to his friend, what kind of a cloud hangs over him, for this philosopher, has even invented a *short hand*, to designate any particular cloud. The following are instances,—

The CIRRUS ... marked thus ⌇ ... is a thin, curly cloud.

CUMULUS ..... ⁀ a thick heap of cloud.

STRATUS ..... — a continuous horizontal sheet of cloud.

HOWARD *on the Modification of* CLOUDS; *with accompanying* PLATES.

At the moment I am concluding this note, I feel myself in the clouds—I perceive most alarming combinations—⌇ ⁀—⌇—⁀—. I do not know what is the consequence of all this!!!

which disappear in the course of many centuries, and are supposed to have *wasted away* —BULBO would exclaim—" Alas! 'tis worse with the APPLES! I am infinitely distressed about them! So many RACES have totally disappeared! The *red-streak* is nearly gone! the *stire* is in the last stage of decay! and there are many well-grounded fears entertained for the *golden pippin!* Shakspeare says, ' There is a tide in the affairs of men ;' may I apply the thought to APPLES? 'Tis a moment of crisis!—*russets* and *pearmains* are going off* !"

* See BULBO's Communication to the Society of Arts, &c. *vol.* xviii. *p.* 300. See also *vol.* xxi. " On the Criterions or due Discriminations of *Cyder-fruit.*" Such is the *delicious* style of the Essay, that it will make the mouth of the reader water. He first notices, that a friend and rival has " *discriminated* between an *apple* and a *pear,*" in his elaborate treatise " On the Apple and Pear!" and adds, " the Somerset Report has further *extended the subject!*". This matter may appear very obvious

to those who are not yet profound in these studies; but by what a learned doctor says, whom he quotes, and by the author's acknowledgment, that "*when a boy*" he knew nothing of *these distinctions*, it appears that much is yet to be taught concerning *apples*. The doctor confesses, that "though the *flavour* of good cyder fruit cannot be mistaken, by a *man conversant with apples*, it is *difficult to be described!*" The writer does, however, describe apples with anacreontic sweetness—every line dissolves the fancy. He exclaims, with a delightful enthusiasm—"I say, choose an apple, *naturally small*, of a *whitish* colour somewhat *tinged* with *red;* of a fine *yellow pulp*, with a *certain degree* of astringency, &c. observe if the *cells* are large, and full of *ripe kernels*; and further still, know whether the *blossoms* are *patient of cold!* I last autumn saw TWO *most beautiful* NEW APPLES of the first year's growth, which decidedly obtained the *Hereford premium;* they were *seedlings of high promise!* There is an emulation among gentlemen of that part of the county, which does them great credit!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Il me choisit pour l'aider A PENSER ;
Trois mois entiers ensemble nous pensames
Lumes beaucoup, et rien n'imaginames.
Le pauvre Diable de VOLTAIRE.

MY UNCLE HIRES A SWEDISH PHILO TO DEPHLEGMATISE HIMSELF—CROSS ACCIDENTS OF AN EXPERIMENTALIST—JACOB CONVERTS THE SWEDE INTO AN *INK-HORN*—TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF A *FIT* OF THINKING ON MY UNCLE.

ARISTOTLE, both in his *Ethics* and his *Politics*, affirms that the bow must be sometimes unbent, for, kept in a continued state of tension, it will at length become so *dry*, that it must *crack !*

My Uncle therefore pretended, he wished

Pursuits of Literature.

for somebody to *dephlegmatise* himself, as the Spaniards phrase it—and occasionally in his LIBRARY—to play at battledore and shuttlecock with him, which, to all intent and purpose, is a *metaphysical game!*

My Uncle's LIBRARY was well adapted for this purpose; it was a circular apartment, and the light entered from the dome! for CONTOUR had convinced him that there was but one proper method of admitting light into an apartment; it should always *descend*, and not come sideways; precisely the very one which is hardly ever used!

This, however, was only the ostensible motive—my Uncle had a concealed one, and which for some time he contrived, that the Cat and Fiddle should not suspect.

He wrote to Professor CAMPER to be curious and critical in his selection among his *heads of students*. Of three hundred head, he picked him out a Swede, by name HER-

MAN SWARTENZACH.—He turned out a poor industrious devil, and gradually won the affections of my Uncle by a hundred mischances, which had befallen him in a course of chemistry. He lost one side of a fine head of red hair by inflammable air, and deafened one of his fine ears by a fulmination of my Uncle's incombustible gunpowder, for *stunning a man*—useful to *frighten* and *silence*, in those cases of riot when there is no need to *kill outright!* When my Uncle commenced chemist, he had a hundred dirty, or dangerous, experiments for him. When he analysed *pulvis stercoreus*, I admired the sweetness of his patience! But what particularly endeared him to Jacob, was his attempt to shew the rationale of *sinking* and *swimming!* My Uncle was vexed that man (as a certain Philo terms it) was *impotent in water!* and in an age like the present, a man ought to swim like a fish. It seems however, that man has

too much *specific gravity!* To counteract this *specific gravity*, and over-persuaded by my Uncle, Swartenzach undertook a *sub-marine discovery;*—but luckily in attempting to blow up a boat, he had only blown himself into it!

To make the Swede more useful, my Uncle hit on a new plan—and converted him into an INK-HORN!

HANDEL, during the night, had numberless fine fancies; but he would not have rolled his honest woolsack to the other side of his bed, were he sure by that exertion to have stormed Salisbury Plain, with a divine chorus. So he imported a *German* for an *ink-horn!* and cried out, ever and anon, "Schmidt! Schmidt! *a new taut! a new taut!*" For this was our Swede employed, but to no purpose, which was my Uncle's fault, but not the ink-horn's. Alas! it was the misfortune of my Uncle, that whenever he was seized by what

is called A FIT of *thinking*, it occasioned him a sense of fulness, redness in the face and eyes, and often provoked vomiting*.

* How lamentable and alarming is this description! yet this FIT was not peculiar to our hero. TISSOT paints this melancholy situation of *literary men!*—"Whoever has *thought deeply* ONCE in his life, has experienced this state; and there is no *man of letters* who has not frequently issued from his closet with a violent head-ache, and a burning in that part, which arises from the state of exhaustion and violent heat, in which the *marrow of the brain* is then found."

TISSOT *on the Health of Literary Men*, p. 145.

One would imagine that all TISSOT's patients had HEADS as small as our hero's—indeed, living among the German *eruditi*, he notices the circumstance of a man, "only ONCE in his life, thinking deeply," as a thing that might possibly have occurred at the Universities of Jena and Gottingen!

BOBTAIL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

" It is a question which has but *lately entered* into philosophical disquisition, whether GENIUS be BORN with a man, or may be SUBSEQUENTLY INFUSED."

GODWIN's ENQUIRER, *p.* 12.

THE LITERARY TORTURES WHICH MY UNCLE AND THE SWEDE UNDERGO, IN " A SUBSEQUENT INFUSION OF GENIUS."

To what a situation was my Uncle brought by all his *learning*, and *unlearning*—for philosophy is now like the web of Penelope. I am well convinced, that for such an inoffensive gentleman to make an admirable and perfect book, he must give himself up entirely to the devil!

My Uncle was now seated as perpetual president at the Cat and Fiddle, and had, unluckily, depended entirely on his new importation of the Swede! so that his situation had become extremely interesting! CACONOUS would not suffer the good man to sit at our board, as lumpishly as a lobcock, or a lobling. It was then my Uncle confided, in secresy, his disappointment to the great metaphysician, respecting himself and the Swede; they could not get on, and had now resolved to stand still! CACONOUS assured them, they were only clocks, that wanted winding up!

The metaphysician began his course of experiments on what he has so occultly detailed in "the Sources of Genius*!"—but in this

* See the ENQUIRER for those illuminating dissertations "Of Awakening the Mind"—"Of the Utility of Talents"—"Of the Sources of Genius," &c. —Such things may be pondered, till the *brain* of a man be reduced to *bran*,—and that EGG, the human mind, have all the yolk sucked out by a WEASEL of a METAPHYSICIAN!

attempt to tan my Uncle's mind, by beating it about, with the bark of his oak, he had nearly occasioned the death of both our innocents!

During a whole year they tried a hundred contrivances in *l'art de penser!* the most they reached to, was to form *one idea between them both*—but then perpetually squabbling about its originality, they could not get on as friendly as BEAUMONT and FLETCHER!

In vain they laid their heads in the palm of their hand, leaning on an upright folio, as Mr. HAYLEY is represented—or laid their fore-finger erect on their cheek, as Miss SEWARD is exhibited—or, resting their arms on their knees, made the tips of their outstretched fingers touch each other, bending their heads downwards, which is much in the manner of the QUAKERS—a mode which does not seem productive of many ideas among them—Or they would lie down on the floor,

flat on their bellies, as CUJAS did *; or keep their eyes *shut*, without winking, as CARDAN and CAMPANELLA did in prison, when they wanted to *see* what was passing in the streets†.

* Two things are remarkable of CUJAS (says his philosophic biographer) first that he studied, stretched at his full length on a carpet with his books around.—Secondly, that his perspiration gave out a most agreeable scent, which he said sometimes to his friends (confidential ones probably) he had in common with Alexander the Great! Biography has formerly been written in this instructive manner.

† CARDAN in his own life relates strange things of himself. He says, that whenever he pleased he could transport himself out of his senses in a kind of ecstasy, and view, whenever he pleased, what he desired. When plunged in thought, he would bite his lips, violently pull his fingers, and even snatch at his left arm! CAMPANELLA, who perhaps was a degree less mad than CARDAN, relates things of himself not less extravagant. One is astonished at the great BURKE seriously citing so anomalous a being, as an authority of human nature. It seems CAMPANELLA, when he had a mind to penetrate into the inclinations of those he had to deal with, composed his *face*, his *gestures*, and his *whole body*, as nearly as he could,

At length my Uncle obliged the Swede to sit with his belly uncovered, firmly fixing his eyes on his navel—as the QUIETISTS did, and as I hear the METHODISTS are doing, whenever they would be so abstracted as to "absorb themselves in silent, spiritual, inexpressible sweetness."

Then they closed their window-shutters in the day-time, as MALLEBRANCHE did when writing his "Research after Truth," that his senses might not be disturbed, and occasion any absence of mind*. Nay, they even

to the exact similitude of the person he intended to examine; and then carefully observed what *turn of mind* he seemed to acquire by *the change!*' It is a little ludicrous to conceive what a punch, a harlequin, a tragic and a comic actor, must this great *posture-master* of a philosopher have been, who, adds our informant, "*by these means* could enter into the *dispositions* and *thoughts* of any person!"

* "He was very assiduous in meditation, and he employed certain *precautions for this purpose*, such as *shutting* his *windows*. His amusements were, however, those of a child," &c.

FONTENELLE's *Eloge of Mallebranche.*

smoked and metaphysicked it by candle-light, as HOBBES did; twelve pipes to twelve pages *!

When they proposed to write, one first read a great deal to the other; but still it was only adding *a duplicate to the library;* the one writing nothing, but what the other had read!

Then they tried when they composed, first to *walk* leisurely up and down the room, hum a tune, and behave decorously, but what they afterwards wrote *sitting* was coldly done, and amounted to nothing. However, when they recollected that a great genius has been compared to a lion lashing his tail to provoke himself to rage, or to a chariot wheel wrought into a blaze by its own mo-

* "Soon after dinner, Hobbes retired to his study, and had his candle, with *ten* or *twelve pipes* laid by him; then he fell to *smoking*, *thinking*, and *writing*."
Bishop KENNET'S *Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish.*

tion, they stamped about the room, put themselves into the most extravagant attitudes, imagined a crowded auditory listening to them, and *wrote off standing*—their composition, then indeed, seemed to have a certain degree of warmth, but at the same time it was so confused, and the periods so perplexed, that the corrections cost more trouble than the whole was worth.

They now invented, for the purpose of thoroughly CORRECTING THEIR WORKS, a new kind of WRITING-DESK! It went up and down and round about the library, and contained exactly 300 divisions! The manner of my Uncle was to put his work into the first division, and then daily hunting it, through the 300, it at length very orderly came out, with his *last corrections*. This was methodical, and quite suited to his genius; the labourer who works by time, is not more exact*!

* Most gravely an EDINBURGH REVIEWER tells the story in a flim-flamming criticism about the na-

Then did my Uncle imagine that their barrenness of genius might be attributed to the

ture of a quaint *sonnet*, which he would have us credit is one of the most perplexing things, that was ever most difficultly contrived. Hear him! "It is said of BEMBO that he had

A DESK OF FORTY DIVISIONS,

through which his *sonnets* passed in succession before they were published; and at each transition they received some correction!"

ED. REV. *vol.* vi. *p.* 297.

I have calculated the size of *Bembo*'s DESK, which, though so inferior to my Uncle's, was a pretty *sonnet-table;* since it must have been *forty sonnets wide!*—In this age of MECHANICAL GENIUS, our cabinet-makers may come in to our assistance. What a tremendous table, vast as the Brobdingnagian harpsichord, at which Gulliver moved about, and knocked at every key till it roared like thunder, must these EDINBURGH REVIEWERS themselves use, whose genius is so encyclopedic!

So BEMBO, master of mine! made *forty* corrections for *fourteen* lines! Most exquisite critic! BEMBO could never have published an *original* sonnet in his life, for when the sonnet dropt out of the last division in the pang of parturition, it must have been worn to a thread, have come into the world without a spine to its back, so emasculated, that not half a line of its strength remained!

weather, or the *season*—and patiently did they wait till Autumn; that cool season so favourable to THOMSON, and, as MILTON thought, to himself.

BEMBO's straight laced sonnets, after all this bodily fatigue, were as stiff as a boar's bristles—TIRABOSCHI (an honest critic) indeed confesses, that "one of the *defects* of this cardinal, was a most *scrupulous exactness*, and a *too mechanical turn*; this *defect*, which so much *contracts genius*, was that of BEMBO, both in his *verse* and his *prose!*" But the frigid Aristotle of the north, with a frost-bitten brain, can *feel* the charms of a *poetical desk with forty divisions!*

These contrivances of LITERARY MEN to create ideas, are analogous to those which have been practised by ARTISTS, which seem not a little ludicrous. Da Vinci advises an artist to inflame his imagination with picturesque ideas, by looking on an old dirty stained wall, where he will find many a fine landscape. Gainsborough frequently formed a landscape on his table with the fragments of stones, herbs for trees, and a piece of looking-glass for his water. Another artist designed his rocks after lumps of charcoal, which he broke into fragments of picturesque rudeness. These were all bad practices, and which usually appear in the productions of those artists who substitute such objects for their realities.

Something, perhaps, too, in the *scenery!* and had they composed in the style of YOUNG's Night Thoughts, they would have had a room lamp-lighted with an empty skull on the table! as that great poet was not himself above deriving some aid from, though it had fared ill with him, had he not had a more perfect skull in the room.

At length my Uncle swore—that the Swede slept through the night.

He spoke to CACONOUS on the subject. This great man had long been intent "to banish from man the *phenomenon of* SLEEP"—but as he still persisted to WRITE, that was surely not the way to *keep people awake!*

My Uncle knew that the learned lady, who translated EPICTETUS, took every night to bed with her—a large Dutch clock! The alarum called her up at three in the morning, to conjugate Greek verbs, and fret her beautiful eyes over her Lexicon—Jacob,

convinced that the Swede was liable to *sleep off* the night, instead of the Dutch clock adopted a similar contrivance of ARISTOTLE's —it was to hold a brass ball in his hand over a brass bason, so that the Swede could never catch a wink without letting fall a thunderbolt!—But this plan made the Swede go on more drowsily! Indeed he convinced my Uncle that not ARISTOTLE himself, nor even the fair Greek with her Dutch clock, could have borne it—for DIOGENES LAERTIUS (in whom my Uncle had in truth picked up this rusty brass ball and bason) says, that when ARISTOTLE found himself hipped, as lean as a rutting stag, and as frightful as a mandrake, by these mad vigils of his—he took a drop of something comfortable! And he tells us what it was—He applied to his breast a leathern bag of warm perfumed oil! My Uncle thought that a smart physic might have been as well;

as DRYDEN, for a great effort in tragedy, was always cupped and physicked.

Not one of these contrivanees availed! Alas! my Uncle's brain was not to be kept steadily for five minutes—'twas instantaneously thrown into jeopardy! He could never *think* and *write together*; for having a notion that dashing, blotting, and flourishing expressed a fervid soul; and over-curiously calculating the curves, the points, and the angular terminations of every word *, and being over-anxious to appear the kind of character which suited his present purpose—he often tore the letter he had carefully finished,

* "Persons of superior understanding seldom write a fine hand."—Lavater, *vol.* iii. *p.* 48.

Again: "Of all the motions of the hand and fingers, the most diversified are those which we employ in *writing;* the least word communicated to paper, how many parts, how many curves does it not contain!"—*p.* 254.

because it did not *appear* to be *written* by a *man of genius!*—or a *deep thinker!*—or by one who was (as he sometimes wished to convince his correspondent) in *a violent passion!*

However, notwithstanding this, my Uncle did most woefully puzzle LAVATER with his HAND-WRITING! He got CACONOUS to compose his letter addressed to the Physiognomist,—it was a prodigy of deep thinking—but as my Uncle *wrote it*—the prophet of Zurich was confounded between the THOUGHTS —and the HAND-WRITING—and he has lamentably blundered in endeavouring to account how a *goose-head* like my Uncle's can soar in metaphysics like an *eagle-head* as CACONOUS's*.

* LAVATER has no doubt, that HAND-WRITING is founded on the real difference of *moral character;* that the *present disposition* of mind has an influence on the *writing*, and that a man *forms his letters* very differently when treating a *disagreeable* subject, and amusing himself with an *agreeable* correspondence.

He has made the following nice distinctions in handwriting.

The *substance* and *body* of the letters.
Their *form* and their manner of *rounding*.
Their *height* and *length*.
Their *position*.
Their *connection*.
The *interval* which separates them.
The *interval* between the lines.
Whether these last are *straight* or *awry*.
The *fairness* of the writing.
Its *lightness* or *heaviness*.

All that I blame Lavater for is, that he did not immediately detect the imposition my Uncle played on him!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.

ÆNEIDOS, *Lib.* viii. 431.

IMITATED.

Now in a POT, an earthquake rocks the ground,
And horrid! flashes with terrific sound!
While one great LADLE-FULL's volcanic fire,
Rains the hot lava, of—A CHEMIST'S IRE!

"A SHORT BUT SHARP AND LEARNED JUDGMENT OF EATHQUAKES," WITH THE TAILORS, OR A TRAGEDY FOR WARM WEATHER!

THESE coercive experiments on "the sources of genius," having fried the very marrow in their bones, they flew at the metaphysician. CACONOUS had now the impudence to declare, that he had discovered the

concealed impediment which had interrupted the whole process of "genius subsequently infused." I must now inform the reader, that after my Uncle had built his library circular, admitting the light only through the dome, according to CONTOUR's plan, he soon discovered that he could not see sideways; nature was shut out! the picturesque was invisible! so he broke through the wall, and made one handsome window.

This he had not long enjoyed, when CONTOUR discovered near it an old shed; whenever he looked on it, he fumed! yet had it been a *dunghill*, it would not have wanted *picturesqueness**; he loudly remonstrated in his language, on the *keeping* of the shed.

* This is a polysyllable of a yard long!—but I wish Mr. PRICE, the maker of this violin, had given it a richer tone. My own word *Philoism* is a pretty kind of kit, and excels in euphony.

Mr. PRICE declares a *dunghill* forms a picturesque object—not from its *smell*—but its *roughness* and

My Uncle, to silence the monotony of the querulous artist, sweetly curtained it with syringas, lilacs, and laburnums. As soon as they

"Burst forth in blossomed fragrance,"

MASON.

what a flight of birds came down upon us! Lo! a grotesque crew of tailors were stitching and fine-drawing among our lilacs and laburnums! To teaze my Uncle's soul, and to torture CONTOUR's, did WILMOT put into the head of a humourist of a tailor to lodge himself in this ambrosial shed!

CACONOUS, vexed at his own blundering system, wreaked his vengeance, by a new

variety of *parts*. Mr. GILPIN, on the same principle, prefers a *rough cart-horse*, or a *beggarly ass*, to a *sleek Arabian*.—Smooth-coated animals cannot produce (he says) a picturesque effect.—Nay, they push their system further, and prefer an *old woman's* wrinkled face to a *young woman's!* They allow that a palace may be a beautiful piece of architecture, but it is only picturesque when in *ruins*. A kind of levelling principle!

kind of fulminating eloquence, on this jovial crew.—" Was this" (cried he) " a situation anywise tolerable for a votary to ZIMMERMAN?" He inveighed against this tailor's shed, as being " the crimping house of oppression; the great slaughter-house of genius!" Were they not so many human pieces of mechanism moving about like artificial spiders? Were they not *slaves* who perpetually lived under the *eye*—of a needle? Were they not a *supple race* curved into half O O O, or twisted into whole S S S? Are they not cooped up like fowls set apart to fatten, and yet are nothing but—snips and snipes? Don't you perceive they titillate and not invigorate your intellect* ?"

* See an Essay on " TRADES and PROFESSIONS," in the ENQUIRER, composed in the STYLE *of our Text,* but which has never been probably read by any reasonable man of any " trade or profession." The result of this Essay seems to be, that we ought to suffer none to exist in society. A *tradesman* is

Eloquence like this must annihilate every "trade or profession." After perpending CACONOUS's treatise against the tailors, I am perpetually astonished that the age is so slow of comprehending his metaphysics, as still to allow that the Hall of Merchant Taylors should stand, while the treatise itself lies in its own dust!

These tailors, instigated by WILMOT, were singing, not songs, but epigrams, to provoke irritable Erudition! One of the Reviewers had just been twitting my honoured Uncle! He was standing at his window, with the bitter relish of that monthly juncate in his mouth, and in that kind of humour, when

painted as "a male coquet;" then he has the hatred of a *courtier*, the jealousy of an *artist*, and the rivalship of a *lover*—(so far he is a man of energetic character!) then he is a *supple, fawning, cringing* creature, a systematic *cold-hearted liar*, and has the audacity to call himself a MAN—aye! and an ALDERMAN too, master of mine!

an author is at once querulous and quarrelsome—as quiet as a barrel of gunpowder, ready for explosion!

The tailors blew a tintamar in my Uncle's ears, chaunting a St. Giles's song about Reviewers! Then my Uncle swore that nothing less than an *earthquake* should confound them all!

Little knew they how perilous an affair it is to tantalise a modern chemist! He who can empty a pint bottle of lightning! pour a ladleful of a volcanic shower! but, what we never suspected, can *raise an earthquake!*

On the succeeding morning we observed the tailors on their board—but not long! Suddenly the earth was convulsed, it became hot, cracked, and yawned with a wide flash! The shrieking tailors leapt upon their board, and dropt their parchment measures from their hands! The sulphureous

vapours curled; the miniature volcano raged; the workshop tottered; I looked, and not a tailor, not a remnant was there!—However, they had only run away! and, on the whole, I was pleased to find a *chemist's earthquake* is a thing terrific only in its name*!

* This memorable *earthquake* only cost my Uncle *a trifle!*—Mr. LEMERY was the first of modern chemists who *invented an* EARTHQUAKE, by a *little iron pot* with iron filings, water, and sulphur; in about eight or nine hours the earth swelled, &c.

Chemical Essays, vol. i. *p.* 185.

We learn further, that only *a ladleful* of this ignited mass can be made to descend like *a shower of red-hot ashes*, resembling *the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius!*—Heaven defend us from picking quarrels with any of these gentlemen, who can make an EARTHQUAKE in a *little iron pot*, and drop down a VOLCANIC SHOWER from a *ladle!*

They can do even far more terrific things!—they can rain down liquid fire, destroy a whole army, and kindle the whole atmosphere, and all this with only —*a couple of quarts of turpentine*, with strong *acid of nitre!*"

Hear how the learned author of "Chemical Essays" threatens! "There are substances in nature, from a combination of which it is possible to destroy

a ship, or a citadel, or an army, by a shower of liquid fire spontaneously lighted in the air!" &c. &c. Luckily for men such as myself, (who having lived so much in the laboratory of my Uncle, am easily frightened out of my wits,) the essayist gives some little comfort and consolation. It seems that the "knowledge of the *possibility*" of effecting such a destruction, is a very different matter from the "knowledge of *its practicability*." Still, however, there is reason to be alarmed at the *progress* CHEMISTRY is making in the world; for the same author again conjectures, that "future ages may, perhaps, invent as many different ways of making these substances unite in the air, so as to fall down in *drops of fire!*" *Chemical Essays, vol.* i. *p.* 338.

I console myself that I cannot possibly live out the present century; when all this dæmonry will probably be daily practised; when the Philos will take an airing in a *whirlwind*, cogitate in the bowels of an *earthquake*, and warm themselves by a *volcano!*

CHAPTER XXV.

" It is inconceivable how any one should so easily forget how much he exposes himself, what a spectacle he exhibits, by his MANNER of DRESSING :

LAVATER ON DRESS, *vol.* iii. *p.* 263.

ZIMMERMAN ON SOLITUDE HIGHLY EXTOLLED— OF THE REAL ADVANTAGES DERIVED FROM SOLITUDE — MY UNCLE'S INVENTION OF A PORTABLE PHILOSOPHICAL SOLITUDE — HOW SWARTENZACH ATTACKS MY UNCLE'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK !

ALTHOUGH this earthquake had dispersed the inveterate tailors, still did this ardent student not enjoy that perfect solitude which ZIMMERMAN so prodigally eulogises. I am

sensible one may compose fine panegyrics, and still understand the whole as a complete joke! ERASMUS composed one on *Folly*, but was no fool; SALLENGRE on *Drunkenness*, but was a gentleman whom his readers thought much too sober; and lately one DU GUERLE, in praise of *Wigs*, but never wears one! Our verbose Aulic counsellor and court physician has turned some thoughtless heads to the enjoyment of a hermitage—but he was no hermit! he liked a party, provided they cajoled him concerning his love of solitude; and after a German supper of sour krout and his best joke, would return home—to put an end to that serious one contained in four ponderous German tomes—on SOLITUDE!

My tender-eared UNCLE found no end to all those kinds of small noises, which play on the finely-organised ears of a literary man, like a storm of wind on an Æolian harp. His

unsteady *brain* was long the unhappy victim of his *eyes* and *ears!* Just when he got comfortably into a philosophical system, some fantastic object danced before his eyes, and the whole system broke into laughter!—or some echo winded along the labyrinth of his ear, till in its delicate nervous film it went off like an air-gun, and the system dissolved in the breeze!

My Uncle, at length, told the Swede he had made an important discovery. "SOLITUDE," (said he) "has been the catch-word, through all ages, of literary men. ZIMMERMAN maddens me!" He paused, and then continued—"I have often thought that while the vulgar have their *portable water-closets*, why should the literary man, whose wants are so urgent, be without *a portable solitude?* I have actually contrived a thing which will serve him in all times and places!"

My Uncle exultingly held up something,

which having clapt on his head, the latter disappeared—" HERE IS SOLITUDE !"

It was a long triple-quilted CAP, which came down an inch over his eyes, and quite covered his ears, in which part it was stuffed with great care.

" This is

A PHILOSOPHICAL CAP !

Furnished with this, the LITERATI need no more weary us with perpetual querulousness, that they cannot retreat into solitude—or travel three hundred miles for a sequestered spot, which may be made in Holborn. With this CAP, Sir, they may lose the *entire use of their ears and eyes*, the desirable object some seek in profound solitude ! As soon as I clap this philosophical cap on my head, I instantly lose *the use of my senses*, which costs some people a great deal of time and trouble to do."

" May I ask you," interrupted the Swede,

with a smile at the invention and a sneer at the inventor—" what authorities you have to prove that people *think best in the dark?*"

My Uncle scrambled into his common-place book, found out the article *Toga*, and looked bluff with Athenæus, Aristophanes, Plutarch, Plato, Eschines, Hesychius, and Spence—they all assured him, that philosophers, in their profound meditations, *covered their heads with their cloaks*—" a fact, proving that they found the benefit of losing the use of their ears and their eyes in deep thinking—the boast of my philosophical cap!"

This tremendous erudition vexed Swartenzach—he thought he had put my Uncle to a stand-still—he returned to the charge.

" Can you prove, in the same learned manner, whether philosophers ever *sneezed* under their cloaks?"

My Uncle was at a fault! he half-closed

his eyes, but he might as well have stared on a brick-wall, to find an authority! he asked the Swede, "if he thought his brain was like a shot silk, to give a new colour every time he pulled at it? I wish you had a little more knowledge, and a little less curiosity, otherwise you will so confound my thinking faculties, that, in the language of chemistry, you may *neutralize* them!"

"And must I too wear the cap?" the Swede gruffly asked.—"This may turn out to be a grave matter! What a figure will it make in your *portrait!* Some future LAVATER may be as much puzzled to account for your covering your head, as the great physiognomist seems, why ERASMUS did his*?"

* LAVATER is much disturbed to account for a discovery of his, viz. that ERASMUS always kept his head warm, by covering it!

Take his words—"ERASMUS is always represented with his *head covered.* Could he be under the

apprehension that his FOREHEAD was not sufficiently *open*, sufficiently *noble*, sufficiently *bold*, to be displayed? Did he conceal it from *modesty?* or did he not possess the *physiognomical tact* sufficiently to be sensible that this part of the face is essential to the portrait? Finally, was it from *habit*, or from reasons of *health*, or, perhaps, because his friend Holbein chose rather to *paint him* in that *familiar attitude? To no one of these questions am I qualified to give an answer.*"

Do your honours think, that ERASMUS, with that lively pasticcio soul of his, ever gave a thought to one of these "PHYSIOGNOMICAL TACTS?"—

LAVATER, *vol.* iii. *part* ii. *page* 382. Hunter's Edition.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Roast beef and potatoes, and a pudding?—the usual heavy aliment of the English! The cause of their phlegmatic character, their incapacity of excelling in the fine arts, and their numerous suicides in the gloomy month of November.

KARAMSIN.

NATURE AND A MACHINIST! — DISCOVERIES WHICH LEAD MY UNCLE TO INVEIGH AGAINST THE DISGRACE OF DIGESTION.

Among the various attempts practised by my Uncle, to make him and Swartenzach turn out *thinkers*, another flim-flam must be told!

The world have been informed ere now, how national characters are formed, in a

considerable degree, by their *food* and *diet** ; We have too long been calumniated for our passion for the sirloin ; but my Uncle was now perplexed with a new vagary ; of *the difficulty we find in getting rid of it ;* and took it into his head that Nature does not construct man, as curiously as she ought.

The origin of all this discontent against the creation, was derived from the jest of a very honest man. My Uncle was apt, when-

* The subject once generally engaged, and still engages the attention of some Philos. In Martinus Scriblerus the chapter on "the Suction and Nutrition" of the Hero is a fine ridicule on this theory. HUARTE, in his singular work, lays great stress on the importance of *diet*, and brings instances to prove, that a certain regimen, kept up in some families, had evidently an effect on their posterity. He thinks, partridge, turkey, and white bread, with plenty of salt, inevitably fattens the mind into a most exquisite understanding; while pigeon's, goat's flesh, leeks, garlick, &c. will heat the soul of a child into quickness of parts.—PRIOR ingeniously conjectures that

"Salads and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar."

ever he got hold of a tester-worth of knowledge, to keep it at compound interest; so that a mere trifle was worked up into a capital. Thus, in a jest, originated a philosophical system, and, like many others, seemed afterwards carried on—for the joke's sake!

Walking peripatetically with Mr. Johnson, (that great machinist, the Dædalus of our age! who, though he agrees not with BUFFON that animals are machines, makes excellent animals of machines) my Uncle, most uncivilly before a machinist, persisted that NATURE was inimitable!

As they proceeded, they observed a dromedary in the street. With a glance of triumph, which was divided between the great animal and the great machinist, turning quickly on the latter, he cried—"Now, for instance, can you ever make so fine a dromedary?"

The machinist, turning his back on the

dromedary, replied—" For Drury-lane I made a d—d finer one !"

This unexpected retort threw Jacob off the centre of his system. When he came to perpend the whole matter—to recollect all the picturesquists had written, and all that the philosophers had asserted, his inquisitive genius put our great Philo in ill-humour with God's good works.

He read the learned PLUMPIUS, who has written so minutely on digestion, and who finds fault, so curiously, with the æsophagus and the pylorus of man.—GOBBO too, in his critical dissertation on " the Urinary Passages of Birds," seems positive matters there might have been contrived by an easier method. HERDER too, following hard—evidence weighed on evidence; and my Uncle declared, man was a monkey who had *accidentally* found out the use of his *thumb;* that there were parts of his body which hindered

him standing straight on his legs, and insultingly shook his head at NATURE *!

Swartenzach still remaining quiet with that stupendous head—my Uncle rated him

* Dr. DARWIN writes, that MANKIND, probably, were formerly *quadrupeds*, as well as *hermaphrodites*. They were hermaphrodites, because males have still breast and nipples, and *some men have given milk to their children.*

He informs us further, that "*some parts of the body are* NOT YET *so convenient to an erect attitude as to an horizontal one!*" It seems, part of the *bladder*, when we are in an erect posture, is not *exactly placed* where the Philos think it ought to be! With BUFFON and HELVETIUS they imagine mankind arose from ONE FAMILY OF MONKIES *on the banks of the Mediterranean*, who ACCIDENTALLY *had learnt to use the ball of the* THUMB, *and draw the point of it, to meet the points of the fingers!* How in time the THUMB grew to be so important an instrument in the *origin of society;* how in time it found out the art of *plucking a goose*, and composing delectable flim-flams; and finally, how *common monkies* never could acquire a thumb, or a thumb-ball, or force the points of their fingers to meet the point of their thumb, See TEMPLE OF NATURE, *p.* 54. *Note.*

one day, in the language of his friend Camper, about "the position of his jaws"—"You are always labouring" (said he) "under the disgrace of digestion!"

"The disgrace!"—exclaimed the Swede.

"Yes, Sir, the entire act humiliates MAN*! Nature is a bungling mechanist! and has made her pieces of mechanism in a manner we should be ashamed of at the Society of Arts in the Adelphi! She has subjected us to such a mixture of the masticated nutriment with the gastric juices! The profound HERDER has effected a grand disco-

* One would imagine my Uncle was not so extravagant in this notion, as it may seem. The learned FLEURY mentions a curious custom observed in the election of Popes:—The new-made Popes were seated on night-chairs, called *Stercoraria*, from whence they threw money among the people. The design of this elegant throne was to intimate, in a *delicate way*, to the apostolical sovereign, that he was a man, subject like others to the wants of nature, and all the infirmities of humanity.

very! He says, 'Proud man! cast thine eyes back on the first necessitous situation of thy fellow-creatures; thou bearest it still about thee. Thou art AN ALIMENTARY CANAL! like thine inferior brethren the brutes!' Sublime HERDER *!"

The Swede was vexed at HERDER, for he had a suspicion of the lengths my Uncle might carry his system to.

"So you and HERDER think, you could make between you a cleaner kind of man? Would you both," (he pettishly asked) "have had Nature created us *without a stomach?*"

* The English admirers of HERDER have been pleasantly gratified by a gigantic quarto, deliciously printed in the smallest breviare type!—This quarto was my Uncle's lounging-book at breakfast; glittering with fine metaphors and extravagant speculations, in the course of every page he took a slice of French roll and butter, and relishing it, thought he was relishing the quarto. As for my part, it made my head turn to look at the titles of his chapters!

" You have hit on it!" quickly rejoined my Uncle. " We would have made a man with a head, a pair of arms and legs, but have entirely omitted the *stomach* and *belly!* Then should we have escaped from the innumerable wants and crimes which originate merely from them! — Consider what *sinks* we carry about us!"

" It seems to me," replied the Swede, " that the nicest of us all may perform his digestions, and not be ashamed of them."

" How can you say so, Mr. Swartenzach?" replied my Uncle somewhat peevishly—" We eat, drink, and sleep before others, but run into bye corners and concealed places to perform our digestions*. Have we not a hun-

* The JEWS, whom some would not suspect, are, however, excessively modest in their *evacuations*; and the RABBINS have delivered many circumstances to be observed concerning the *place*, the *manner*, and the *posture*, and how they are to order themselves in this solemn act of nature. They did

dred contrivances against accusations of indecency and filthiness? Does not the very *naming* of certain excrements of the body, or their egestion, or the parts employed, beget a loathing? insomuch that a philosopher cannot treat philosophically any of these subjects before the fastidious. Did not poor RAY spoil the second edition of his Proverbs by his cleanliness* ?"

it without the camp, when they had a camp, and carried a paddle on their swords, and with that they digged a hole, and afterwards did cover it quietly with great civility, and modesty, and piety, chaunting a psalm before it. I wish at Edinburgh they were half as civil or as clean.

From MY UNCLE's *Common-place Book.*

* This anecdote requires unfolding. When RAY published his Proverbs, he was accused of great indecency and filthiness in giving many obscene ones, which otherwise had more wit and humour than those of a cleanlier nature. In his second edition he hit upon an expedient, which he imagined might conciliate the fastidious, and still preserve his favourite dirty proverbs.—Take his words. "I have endeavoured now *to lap up* such *dirty things* in CLEAN

"Be convinced, Swartenzach, we are nothing but AN ALIMENTARY CANAL.—Eat only one thing, and you become a part of that thing; and in time, I have no doubt, the very thing itself! I knew an alderman, who devoured so many turtles, that at length he was nick-named a lively young turtle; imitating one in his gait, perpetually shaking his hands as they do their fins, and was put to bed, always sprawling on his back, as turtles are usually laid to keep them quiet.—Observe the effects of *diet* in CONTOUR!—does he not, to wing his fancy into Hell, sup on raw pork and hard eggs, and get indigestible dreams and horrid phantasma, to paint his monkey fairies, his mad hobgoblins, and that strange fellow with the strut and stride, his Satan?"

LINEN, by putting only the *initial letters* for the *uncleanly words*, so that I hope they will not turn the stomach of the most nauseous!" But these *initials* with their *dashes* make the work more formidable than ever. BOBTAIL.

" All this curious reasoning" (observed Swartenzach pettishly) " will end in putting me on *short allowance !*"

" 'Tis not !" exclaimed my Uncle, " that I envy the variety of your appetite, but with such a head, not to have one hypothesis !—I often fancy that I lose in a giblet-pye, a system of metaphysics—in a goose, an account of some ' non-descript'—in a sirloin, some foundation for ' a theory of the earth' —in a bottle of port, your unfinished invention of ' a diving machine ;' and I am afraid that in your long naps after dinner, your observations ' on the winter sleep of animals and plants,' will end in nothing !"

My Uncle, deeming solid eating as anti-philosophical, this system went nearly to produce a rupture. The Swedish spirit of honest Swartenzach would particularly break out whenever Jacob jeered him concerning *volcanic eruptions*, by which the Swede accounted for the creation itself ! More than

once, snapping his pipe and his argument, he was for giving up his salary of twenty pounds a year—in favour of a new conflagration of Mount Vesuvius! These two Philos bickered about trifles, and once did not speak to one another for a whole week, respecting whether a great stone that fell in Yorkshire fell from the Moon: my Uncle long held out for the Moon, but the Swede persisted it was a Yorkshire stone!

After all, the Swede was the only being really attached to my Uncle in our town—except a baboon whom for many years Jacob had been secretly educating like a christian, to prove to the satisfaction of the more curious part of mankind, that we are all of *one family!*

CHAPTER XXVII.

What would the critics in Richardson's days have said, could they have heard young ladies talking of *gases*, and *nitrous oxyd*, and *stimuli*, and *excitability*, and all the terms of modern science?

Mrs. BARBAULD's *Essay on* RICHARDSON.

Les FEMMES DOCTEURS, ne sont point de mon gout;
Je consens qu'une femme ait de clartes de tout;
Mais je ne lui veux point la passion choquante
De se rendre scavante, afin d'etre scavante!
De son etude enfin je veux qu'elle se cache,
Et qu'elle ait du scavoir, sans vouloir qu'on le sache!
Sans citer les auteurs, sans dire de grand mots,
Et clouer de l'esprit, a ses moindres propos—
Je respecte beaucoup madame votre mere
Mais je ne puis du tout, approuver SA CHIMERE.

MOLIERE.

PHILOSOPHICAL AMAZONS!—THE EFFECTS OF A COURSE OF PHILOSOPHY AMONG THEM—MISS *ELEANORA*—A VENTILATING HAT, AND AN INCOMBUSTIBLE CAP PRODUCTIVE OF PHILOSOPHICAL SYMPATHIES—HER SHORT LETTER, WITH ENTHUSIASTIC POSTSCRIPTS—HER ANATOMICAL STUDIES, WITH AN APOLOGY FOR A PAIR OF BREECHES.

WHILE we gentlemen were thus proceeding in the silent orbit of our comet-like passage, the ladies, stimulated by the malice of

WILMOT, became jealous of that celebrity, which we had not yet acquired! WILMOT went about in card-parties, insinuating that he was not convinced that the card-players were not philosophers! He raised a petticoat-party in science, and made my Uncle and the *Pleiades* twinkle to their last star!

Our ladies, with their rapid feelings, eagerly seized on WILMOT's notion, and loudly asked *how* and *what* they were to learn? This having reached the ear of a vagrant philosopher (a kind almost peculiar to these times) he immediately drove his waggon, filled with philosophical instruments, into our town, and issued proposals, that in a course of six weeks he would get them all through the arts and sciences, with only a moderate memory, and the plainest understanding. On the whole, he offered them a new species of entertainment!

As he was a handsome juvenile lecturer,

and a lecture is now fashionable, he soon collected fifty ladies, which counted up, chinked in the purse of this travelling Pythagoras. He rumpled the delicate lace-work of their brains! and taught them a jargon of chemical nomenclature, which convulsed their rosy lips, and set their white teeth on edge!

During that course of philosophy in our town, the most curious of all the phenomena were, in my opinion, the ladies themselves!

So perfectly abstracted were they from the concerns of human life, that when a *timely elopement* took place, during these lectures, our ladies were more anxious respecting *Venus* and *Mercury* passing over the sun's disk, under the form of *two black spots!* They thought *Venus* appeared *larger* than usual, and her *critical state* so considerably agitated our village astronomers, that they had not noticed the *critical state* of the young lady! One of them considerably alarmed the neigh-

bourhood by setting a-foot an enquiry if there was not something *volcanic* in it? They heard so frequently about *a stone falling from the clouds*, that they calculated on a shower of stones, and talked of iron umbrellas as a defence against such rigorous weather*. They

* Mr. IZARN has compiled in his work "*des Pierres tombées du Ciel, ou Lithologie Atmospherique*," all the *facts* relative to this singular phenomenon; but not venturing to fatigue his readers with deep thinking, or blind them with dazzling theories, the learned compiler gets but a left handed compliment for all his trouble from the EDINBURGH REVIEWER. So it is that we, the old iron brokers and pains-taking hucksters in philosophy, get our shops, with all their old lumber, shook about our heads.

Of late various causes have been assigned for the production of stones that fall from the skies; that they are of volcanic origin, thrown into the atmosphere, was first conceived; but these stones have been seen to fall in France and England—we have no volcanoes! Besides, the grave Reviewer humourously asks, Is not this explaining what is *puzzling*, by assuming what is *impossible?*

However, as an EDINBURGH REVIEWER, while he has honourably engaged himself to banter every

were more accurate in *checking the celestial accounts* of HERSCHEL and LALANDE than

author, he is also under a bond (ten guineas a sheet!) to show two things; first, that every author before him knew not how to write his book, as in the case of Mr. IZARN now before us; and secondly, that the Reviewer supplies all the author's deficiencies. In the present case of poor Mr. IZARN, mark how the Reviewer sits on the tripod!

After some celestial calculation, he informs us, that these STONES *fall from the* MOON! As they only take *two days and a half* to reach us, is it not fortunate that these moon-stones do not fall red-hot on our heads? But all this is not half so interesting, or so impudent, as the notion this inspired writer (for he writes like a prophet!) gives, that "by a greater variety of *specimens* (of *moon-stones!*) he thinks HE shall be able to *push still farther* his inquiries!"—How far? What follows?—Nothing less than that "*a knowledge of the internal structure of the* MOON may be the splendid reward of our investigations!" Ed. Rev. *vol.* iii. *p.* 401. This gentleman then undertakes to shew us, *What moonshine is!* But till he shall fairly know *prendre la lune par ses dents*, I advise the reader to prefer CYRANO DE BERGERAC's "*Comic History* of the States and Empire of THE MOON!" Without permission of the EDINBURGH REVIEWER, may I be allowed to transcribe a few lines from a favourite author?

their *house bills;* it was holiday time with the butchers and bakers, while their female cus-

> Even I, *without a telescope,*
> Can find your tricks out, and descry
> Where you tell truth and where you lie.
> For Anaxagoras long agone
> Saw hills, as well as you, i'th' MOON!
> Believed the heavens were made of STONE,
> Because the sun had voided *one!*
> And rather than he would recant
> Th' opinion, suffered banishment.
> But what, alas! is it to us
> Whether i'th' MOON men thus or thus
> Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
> Or whether they have tails or horns?
> Can they MAKE PLAYS there, that shall fit
> The public humour, with *less wit?*
> If we outdo them here at home,
> What good of your design can come?
>
> HUDIBRAS, *Part* II. *C.* 3.

But Dr. OLBERS, the astronomer who discovered a new planet, terrifies one more than even the Ed. Reviewer! he says, if these stones fall from the moon, we may depend on it, that she *must decrease in size;* for that these stones should be able to reach our earth it is necessary that she should throw out *masses of matter*—a moon-mountain at least, for every moon-stone that falls on the earth! But, (he continues)

tomers a-nights were travelling through that terrific high road, called "infinite space," and set with their night caps on all day! When their candles were lighted, they teized and alarmed their more ignorant neighbours,

he never yet observed a burning mountain falling from the moon.—This he will probably see shortly; already the astronomers begin to talk of the enormous magnitude of their fire-balls and shooting stars!—If Dr. OLBERS is right concerning the *decrease of the moon*, in proportion to the *masses* she throws out, which certainly sounds like good sense, then "the splendid reward of a knowledge of the internal structure of the moon" amounts to nothing more than a fine promise of a great man about a place, without the power to give it—for the MOON will be so small by the time this notable discovery shall be effected, that no one will care any thing about her, nor all the *Selenites* in Edinburgh!

Phil. Mag. vol. XV. *p.* 292.

We have just been informed that these *moon-stones* are driven along to us, from the *poles!* It would be curious to calculate, whether the *rambling heads* of these Philos, if they were shot up together, would ever be lively enough to hold out, so as to reach that "*paradise of fools*" which MILTON describes in the MOON!

by insisting on their *guessing* how many *particles of light* would fly out, in a second of a minute? or guess at the *depth of the sea!* How many miles it was to the *fixed stars?* An honest gentleman, notwithstanding he farmed the *post-horse duty*, could never be brought by his lady to *conceive* such an extent of ground; and truly, when they exultingly informed us of *millions* of *particles* and *miles*, (and some of them scarcely had sense enough to reckon their score at cassino) I suspected that there are *sums* which every body who can talk of, does not understand *.

* In these calculations—I presume the calculators at times may lose their tale. NIEWENTYT has computed, that in a *second* of a *minute*, there flies out of *a burning candle*, particles of light *ten millions of millions* times, more, than the number of the *grains of sand*, computed to be contained in the *whole earth!*

The imagination is not worth a microscope! it has incalculable calculations! LEWENHOCK startles even a philosopher, when he calculates the eggs of a female fish at 9,334,000, every one of which to fecundate, the male must have 10,000 spermatic animal-

So much philosophy by no means multiplied our domestic pleasures. Ere this tarantula bit the ever-dancing brain of our young ladies, often in a poetical walk they would look with enchanting tenderness in the light of the moon. Now, amidst all the life of nature, they were dull as statues; their leaden

culæ, so that the male fish contains 90,334,000,000, that is, eighty-four times more fish than human creatures on the face of the globe! MALEZIEU says, he has seen living animalculæ twenty-seven millions of times smaller than mites!!!

The celebrated mathematician, DE LA PLACE, calculates THE DEPTH OF THE SEA! from the Newtonian theory of the tides—he has determined that this DEPTH cannot be less than *four leagues!* This may be some satisfaction, perhaps, for a man in danger of drowning!

But Mr. DE LA PLACE, after all his *calculations*, may be mistaken; for Mr. DE LUC calculates on another principle, in favour of *Moses and Genesis*—he argues, that this depth cannot form even a *thousand toises!* And then, with exulting shrewdness, turns round to Mr. DE LA PLACE, and enquires, What now becomes of the depth of your *four leagues?*

Phil. Mag. vol. xiii. *p.* 374.

eyes pored on a plant, or strained at a star. They conversed in nomenclature, and that lover was the favourite who could boast the most tedious memory. They prated of LINNÆUS and HERSCHEL, till they maddened a lover, with an odd kind of jealousy! Was it not extremely disagreeable, while a philosophical Amazon was disserting on the properties of *fire*, to find that she usually let the *parlour one go out?* Was it not painful to chaste ears to listen to the indecorous language these ladies sometimes used? One with high exultation pestered us that she could *make water*, and had invented an apparatus for this purpose! Then their *excitability* was so great, that we all marvelled how the handsome young lecturer could keep them so quiet in the conjuring circle they formed about him; they sat like so many Egyptian Isises! Terrified by the probable effects of the shock of *a comet's tail*, which the youthful sage had

described with great spirit and fancy, some of the fair assembly shrieked, and one laughed so heartily, as to occasion, an hysteric! Before they attended these lectures, they were only ignorant ladies; at the conclusion we found they had *learned to blunder!*

Ah! had they all been dutchesses, or demireps, we should not have murmured at their being only experimentalists!—but the pleasures of friendship, the sympathies of affection, and the wisdom of domestic life, were, we clearly perceived, all shot into the stars, or dried up in a *hortus siccus!*

"They, cold to wit and beauty, bend their cares,
To earths and acids, alkalis and airs *!"

SHEE's *Rhymes on Art.*

* We have to regret that the "Life and Errors of my Uncle" preceded Mr. SHEE's elegant and spirited poem, of which we have repeatedly availed ourselves in this new edition. His scientific ladies are finely touched; his pen has the warmth of his pencil; *likeness,* is the soul of his *portraits!*

TAG and RAG.

Among this bevy of scientific beauties, Miss ELEANORA condescended to patronize these lectures, from her zeal for the progress of all the sciences in our small town. She passed her days in her laboratory, and devoted her nights to her observatory. Deep in the Scotch Encyclopædia, she was continually moving in that circle of the sciences as the title imports:—was it strange, if that rotatory motion had turned her head?

Miss ELEANORA was an animated lady, full of *caloric*, or the matter of heat.—When in a passion, and a loose morning gown, she shewed what Dr. Black terms *sensible heat*. She was so abstracted, that most persons imagined she was deaf, and her eyes furiously looked west and east at once, by having strained them at her grand telescope. She was extremely active in the Lecture-room, and there assumed so masculine a character, that the young lecturer grew jealous of her;

and as she was apt to blunder, he reported that she was really not fit to be left alone—with a Leyden jar charged!

About this time my Uncle had made himself the subject of conversation in our town, by an invention of his, in the dog-days. He wore *a ventilator in his hat,* by which he contrived, to keep up a continual freshness, about his head. This, as he expected, attracted great attention, but by no one was more admired than by this lady, who never saw a new invention, but immediately set about inventing too. She was much better known as an inventor, than by her inventions themselves; for these, so far from answering their proposed object, were usually unfit for any human purpose. In the present attempt she was more fortunate! She had frequently set fire to her caps in her chemical experiments, and never could keep them decent for an hour. With all the felicity of a modern ge-

nius, she invented an incombustible cap, made of the *asbestos*—whence two advantages are derived; first, this cap of a chemical lady *cannot catch fire*, and, secondly, never requires *washing!* Whenever the charming wearer takes a fancy to have a decent cap on her head, she has only to throw her's into the fire—whence it comes out as nice as white cambric!

When my Uncle heard of the chemical cap, he doffed his ventilator; he bowed, and felt his genius mated!

The hat, and the cap, *combined* their souls —They interchanged letters, as incentive as amatory epistles, containing queries, hints, remarks, and other memoranda, till at length, they came to scientific presents!

Miss ELEANORA sent my Uncle a curious one, accompanied by the following letter.

My friend!

I have obtained some fine specimens of the

arundo saccharifera, in the usual way. For its final process I allowed it to *crystallize* till it formed *tetrahedral prisms* and *dihedral summits*. It is perfect in its kind, and I flatter myself it will bear your acutest scrutiny. Believe me,

Ever your's,

ELEANORA!

LABORATORY, two o'clock, P. M.

From OBSERVATORY, four o'clock in the morning.

P. S. I have been quite exhausted this half-hour, by observing something odd in Saturn's ring.—Have you remarked it has been very hot this summer? I have had a letter from a friend, who, in coming over Salisbury Plain, has had a smart shock from a *stone* falling from the clouds on his head! What a fortunate man! The same assures me he saw *a couple of Suns* at one time, what we call a

parhelia ; but I am told my friend often *sees double !* He is a great man, but he drinks Geneva !—You have heard *Klaproth*'s new earth turns out, after all the noise he made, to be nothing more than pure *stronthian*, which accidentally had got a filthy black crust upon it! What a stubborn fool! But Lady Betty Bloom assures me she has discovered a *new earth*, very pretty and white, and positively new; I hope it will turn out so! What a charming woman! it is a pity she never washes her earthy hands!—

Six o'clock!

P. P. S. I snatch my pen once more to assure you, that respecting the *live toad* found in the *stone*, I am clear that the *toad* was a toad of *yesterday;* but that the *egg* was laid *a thousand years* ago! This is my final decision*.

* Miss Eleanora need not have written so peremptorily her final decision, for, after all, Mr. Le Cat

This *arundo saccharifera*, with its *tetrahedral prisms*, and *dihedral summits*, deceived me with great expectations; when the packet was opened, we found nothing but a *lump of sugar candy!* My Uncle returned the compliment, by sending Miss Eleanora a scientific present equally curious—*A jack in the box*, so constructed that the whole machinery, exemplified the *six mechanic powers*.

has suspected the same thing. As many Philos have solemnly testified that *toads* have crept *out of stones*, and no one accounts how the devil they got inclosed, Mr. Le Cat thinks that they are *hatched* from an *egg*, fallen by chance into some cavity of the *stone;* and he imagines that an *egg* (I mean a toad's) so inclosed, even in the *centre of a rock*, may retain its activity for *many thousand years!* So that according to Mr. Le Cat's opinion, it is the *egg* which is of such great antiquity, and not the *animal*. Phil. Mag. *vol.* iii. *p.* 232. On the whole, Mr. Le Cat is by no means so positive as Miss Eleanora; but gives the conjecture modestly, by a point of interrogation.

Phil. Mag. *vol.* ii. *p.* 197.

In their correspondence, she particularly displayed great knowledge on *anatomical* subjects, though in her hasty manner she placed the heart on the wrong side! a blunder she committed by studying the Scotch Encyclopædia*! She injured her reputation by seeming to be more intimate with the body of a man, than was thought decent†. Yet,

* So I have heard from our anatomical professor! The writer of that article in that astonishing union of the human *eyes* with the human *fingers*, was, perhaps, in writing it, *le Medecin malgré-lui*, for that famous physician likewise *changed the seat of the heart*, and examined the body always on *the wrong side!*

The blunder lies in the engraving, but has probably led some lady beginners into a blunder, in their endeavours to find *a way to our hearts*, which certainly they did not find in the Encyclopædia!

TAG.

† A disciple well read in Mrs. WOLLSTONECROFT, and Miss SEWARD in her life of Darwin, would not agree with this vulgar thinking. The former lady has a project, by which young ladies may become acquainted with all the parts of the human body, and with their powers and use! She frequently conversed

after all, her sole design in instructing herself in the science of ANATOMY—was to invent a *pair of stays* !*

My Uncle dedicated to her his "Apology for a Pair of Breeches, made for Cardinal Wolsey,"—however, he meant nothing offensive; it was a cool antiquarian research!

The occasion of his writing that very rare and valuable "Apology" was this. Jacob

with a young anatomist, and highly commends the chastity of her Abelard—who seems to have been perfectly so! But Madame STAHL, in her Memoirs, felt herself in the unfortunate predicament of Miss Eleanora. She writes: "Du Verney's passion for ANATOMY had wrought in him a fancy that there was no *solid merit* without it; and he declared me to be *the woman* who in all France had the *best knowledge of the human body*—but some laid hold of this eulogy to *expose me!*"

* A *fashionable female stay-maker* has studied *anatomy* for this purpose! I understand, that in consequence of bringing down *philosophy* into *stay-making*, that her *stays* are the things, for *standing* upright in, but to *sit down* with them, is to endure crucifixion!

had in his possession a pair of breeches made for Cardinal Wolsey—as good as new!—for he was dismissed from court the very day he was to have worn them!

My Uncle observed, from his passion, already sufficiently exhibited, for antiquarian curiosities, and his sympathy for the Cardinal—that it was no less a misfortune for the breeches than for the Cardinal—for as his Eminence had never worn them, the question was long debated at the council of Antiquaries, whether they ought to be received as the Cardinal's breeches?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price;
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name!
BRAMSTON.

A smatterer of the Ciceroni crew!
A pauper in the parish of virtu.
SHEE's *Rhymes on Art*, *p. 2. v.* 282.

CONTOUR'S TORTURES OF TASTE! TOO EXQUISITE EYES AND EARS!—HOW CONTOUR'S OVEN WAS ON FIRE, AND HIS BREAD AND BAKER BOTH SCORCHED!

Most fatiguing is the company of a great connoisseur like our Raphael! He was either prattling his affected jargon, or shrieking in the tortures of taste! In a sociable circle by the fire-side he would cry out, what a *wretched group* we formed! The true Roman me-

thod it seems requires (I cannot tell why) a number of heads to run in a *horizontal line* forming a range of heads of an equal height! Whenever he found *three* of his friends had got *massed* together, he querulously pushed them into the form of a *triangle*, and declared that figures to be *well put together* must assume this form, the favourite grouping of MICHAEL ANGELO! Notwithstanding CONTOUR's boasted eye for the fine arts, yet had he a pair of eyes, as tender as an owl's. He declared he could only *see perfectly* in a *weak light*, and swore that broad day-light was only fit for the eyes of every-day people!

He could neither sit, nor walk, without teazing his friends, about "jarring lights." He declared his eyes were "stopt and harassed by little disunited, discordant parts," and at every fine landscape we stood enjoying, he exclaimed, it wanted "*the last

* The case of these AMATEURS is truly pitiable!

glazing of a picture!" He could not bear that the *sky* was *blue* and the *earth green*, and owed for this, a grudge to nature * !

their perceptions are so refined, that they lose what we should think is the proper use and enjoyment of their eyes and ears; for though they pretend they often see what others cannot, they care not to see, what pleases every one else. Mr. PRICE has painted very delicately the softening hues of twilight. *On the Picturesque, vol.* i. *p.* 162.—He there shews how even "*artificial water*" which had charmed him in the evening, had none of these beauties by daylight, and exclaims in the language of a lover palled with enjoyment,

"At length the MORN and COLD INDIFFERENCE came!"

Those who are looking around them perpetually with *a painter's eye*, are indeed miserable— every object is then *edgy*, or *naked*, or *tame!* or what not! But NATURE ought to be regarded oftener with *a poet's eye!* If the painter is allowed to carry *his eyes in his head*, at all times, they will be the torment of his friends!

* "These are the two prevailing colours in NATURE! No person objects to their want of *harmony*, except he views it with a PAINTER'S EYE! and con-

In his evening walk, whenever he came to an iron gate he was in a flutter! The *sight* of it was hard, the *parts* were too defined, and it gave him an idea of *coldness*—but when it was flung to, he turned round and round with vexation, and shrieked at the shrill *echo* in many a metaphysical wailing *!

siders the difficulty, or even impossibility, of transferring *these colours to his canvass!*"

REPTON *on Landscape Gardening, p.* 221.

He observes that the best painters in landscape have studied in Italy or France, where the verdure of England is unknown; hence arises the habit acquired by the *connoisseur* of admiring *brown tints* and *arid foregrounds* in the pictures of CLAUDE and POUSSIN, and hence *his* dislike of the *green paintings* of GAINSBOROUGH!

We now know why a connoisseur exclaimed, that the works of nature are *well executed*, but in a *bad taste!*

* Mr. BARTELL in his pleasing "Hints for Picturesque Improvements," notices that an *iron gate* in cottage scenery offends in a *variety of ways!* particularly "the SOUND in its falling to, is shrill, harsh, and dissonant, and disturbs the tranquillity of the scene. The *shutting of a* GATE in the stillness of evening is *a sound that creates an interest!* The ex-

Thus tender were CONTOUR's *eyes* and *ears;* but he was certainly in no want of an oculist—for he saw such things—in PICTURES! seeing as he did with THREE EYES*!

Peering through his half-closed hand like

pected return of a *friend;* the solitary *peasant* retiring from his labour; its *echoes* among the woods; each of these affords *a theme for reflection!*" Of this *kind of themes,* Dean SWIFT's Meditations on a BROOMSTICK! appears to be, one of the most exquisitely pensive.

* Mr. DESENFANS in his catalogue declares this to be the fact! He writes, "While the *multitude* are crowding before a *large daub,* the AMATEUR is frequently in *ecstasy* before a *small picture in a solitary corner.* The *multitude* are always beholding pictures with TWO EYES ONLY, and the *connoisseur* looks at them with THREE!!! *Descriptive Catalogue, vol.* ii. *p.* 179.—I am not obliged to explain what Mr. DESENFANS *may* mean! but in this crude language of sentimentality, an amateur with *three eyes* in ecstasy before a small picture in a solitary corner, is to me as much a monster as *Polyphemus,* who had *only one terrific eye* in the front of his head. I can fancy this Cyclop in a solitary corner, rolling his *eye* before a *small picture* in an ecstasy of *vertu.* We have certainly our *Cyclop-amateurs,* as well as our *triple-eyed!*

an opera glass, when he looked on one of Claude's suns with his lovely tint of air—he declared that he could tell what a clock it was—in the picture! Nay, Cuyps and Berghem's cattle were all standing out of their frames! and all along Gasper Poussin's mountains forming such a fine line of horizon, he could see leagues! A view from nature of a *sow* and her *pigs* voluptuously reposing on a *terrace*, was *il riposo** !

* Mr. DESENFANS describes a picture of his friend Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, and calls it "a View from Nature," It presents a *terrace*, upon which a *sow is lying down*, suckling her young ones. Near them *another pig* is standing! In the centre *two little pigs*, strayed from their *mother*, are running towards her to SUCK WITH THE REST! *Catalogue*, *vol.* ii. *p.* 241. An elevated conception this, of the local genius of a pig stye! WILSON, I have heard a poet declare, could give dignity to a dunghill—but *pigs* would he have placed on a *terrace?* I am as much delighted by the *pigs* of Sir FRANCIS, as by the children of ALBANO. The connoisseur's descriptive pen abounds with sweet and domestic touches—the *mo-*

What changes did he ring in the vocabulary of the science of a connoisseur. This woman's flesh was warm and mellow! here was a catching light—but the harmony was not preserved for the want of—*a middle tint*—and for this did he turn his nose at this warm and mellow woman!

At length poor CONTOUR got so hare-brained in his picture-gallery, that he actually took it into his head that there was nothing but PICTURES in *the whole universe!*—nay, that the *picture* of any thing, was the *thing* itself*!

ther sow—the *centre* pig—the two other pigs running to *suck* with the rest! *La belle nature!*

* One of the few great men in our age, whose soul is a volcano of imagination, and who (alas!) is a far greater genius than he is a man—has this singular and curious notion.

"The *art of painting* is debased by the complaisance of calling it *a language*. It is a *mode of communication* as much superior to language as the *image of any thing in a looking-glass* is more satisfactory and

At the time CONTOUR discovered that the picture of a thing, was the thing itself, my Uncle effected his famous experiment of "catching moon-shine in his mustard-pot." Of this you will find an account in his Projects.

However, notwithstanding this sensibility and picturesque science of CONTOUR, an accident happened, which shewed us all, he was not so refined in matters of taste, but that he was not above "turning a penny" by a Titian!

superior to *any mere account of the same thing* in words. It is difficult to say, and would *lead us into the depths of philosophy*, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ANY ACTUAL THING and its *image in a glass;* and yet so much only and no more can be the difference between that *actual thing* and its *representation in painting;* but the *object painted* is *equally permanent* with what we may call the *actual* or *real one!* The truth is that THEY ARE ALL PICTURES ALIKE, painted equally on the retina, or optical sensorium."

BARRY'S *Letter to the Dilettante Society, p.* 63.

CONTOUR had an oven in his house, and he declared he occasionally *baked his bread.* My Uncle observed to the Pleiades, that whenever he saw the oven smoke, CONTOUR would shortly have news from Italy. The dry manner in which my Uncle connected these dissimilar ideas, stirred our curiosity; but my Uncle being merely a close observer of every minute occurrence, could rarely satisfy the curiosity he raised; he discovered things themselves, but rarely the philosophy of cause and effect!

One morning CONTOUR's oven was in flames! For the first time, we observed a shutter, which, some one inside, at length pushed open. To our astonished eyes, we beheld a stranger, whom no one in the village had ever seen—a meagre, wan, and raving figure; his locks clustered and horrent, like a fine Medusa's head; his eyes stared, but with expression! With a very

R. Dagley del. et

Virtú in Danger

lean face, he had a fine Roman majestic nose; and his gesticulations were peculiarly grotesque, but extremely pathetic! He shrieked out "*Inglesi illustri! Padroni miei!*" Here the whole village laughed; they had never seen a Roman in an English oven! The perturbed Italian poured upon us a hundred endearing ejaculations; but an English mob, when once they laugh, no flattery will make grave!

He tumbled out of the window a fine Titian and a couple of Correggios. My Uncle beckoned him to leave his dangerous situation.—Holding under each arm an Etruscan vase, which he seemed to value, he came flying down, straining his whole frame perfectly *Fuselesque!*

Ere Contour reached us, we had a Roman history.

He had been a fine colourist at Rome, where he led the life of a sublime gipsy; in

fair weather he took his lodgings in the Colliseum, or dined in some amphitheatre, and slept in some magnificent Basilica; it was necessary for him to have constantly before him the fine remains of antiquity, and not less so, that he should live rent-free! CONTOUR discovered that he possessed the most perfect Greek feeling, and handled his brush with the taste and beauty—of any master he chose! "Ah! (he exclaimed to our dilettante,) my pictures only want the mellowness of time to please the connoisseurs who are starving me. Had I but an oven of my own!"

The Roman let CONTOUR into a secret; the trumpery sold at Rome for the Venetian school, consisted of his pictures! which, after the picture-dealer had soiled with dirt, then varnished, and thrown into an oven moderately warm, in an hour or two, by this process, the beauty of a century was ac-

quired! The pictures became cracked and spoilt, but they shewed a matchless *stoicity* (as the connoisseur terms it)—provided they were baked enough!

CONTOUR offered an oven in the land of Freedom. The meagre Roman leapt with transport—but here, betrayed and oppressed by his Lorenzo de Medici, he had worked his fingers to a bone, and his face to a bronze, —his patron had made use of him, as if he had been only a baker! Such is the short history, of the patronage, of such patrons!

"By heavens!"—exclaimed my Uncle, lifting up an immense fine Etruscan vase— "here, however, is an undoubted original! This, indeed, is Greek composition! You perceive their systematic elegance even in the form of their commonest utensils. What a graceful symmetry of parts! Every one can see this was a drinking cup, for this is evidently the spout, and that the handle! in our

jugs you have both, as if they pulled different ways, so that to get at the mouth, you must let go the handle! Ah, see that group of female figures! what grace of design! what ideal beauty! what harmonious proportion! and those modest colours which have resisted 2000 years! What I purchased last year are nothing to this!"

"*Per Bacco!*"—exclaimed the Roman, in an ecstasy—"I have greatly improved since last year! I have got better ware from Master Wedgwood! and I will engage to produce finer Etruscan vases, than those which your green collectors, are purchasing faster, than we can supply the demand*!"

* A *trade* on one side, and a *rage* on the other, between old dealers and young collectors, has given a value to *Etruscan vases*, which is ludicrous enough. There are *very few Etruscan vases*, that can be considered as beautiful; the greater part were painted in the rudest periods of art, by miserable hands without taste or invention; their lank meagre figures, their

Jacob was in a rage! CONTOUR in a tremor! the Italian was apostrophizing the Virgin! the Pleiades were grinning! the mob was hooting!—and the oven was burning!

total ignorance of perspective, their tiresome repetition of only two colours, not having any skill in the use of others, are not the only objections which may be raised against these ugly relics of rude ages. Yet the more ancient they are, (consequently the uglier,) they are most valued.—Ask the man of genius among our contemporaries if he would paint like these models? He shakes his head—he only envies them! A collector will give more for an old black earthen pot, than for his finished picture!

CHAPTER XXIX.

See artful sages give the modern stone
Time's honoured stains, and glories not its own;
The cankered coin with verdigris incrust,
Or grace the polished bronze, with reverend rust!

SCRIBLERIAD, C. ii. v. 292.

TIT FOR TAT—A MEDALLIC LICK AND FLAVOUR!—AND HOW TO MAKE A GENUINE COUNTERFEIT!

My Uncle, in his intercourse with Contour, was not so great a loser as he pretended to be—for he sold Contour some scarce and fine medals, which had cost him great trouble to make *very antique*. He had made Contour smart for some Saxon pennies, though Contour had peppered him

for a Paul Potter. A certain coolness was observed between them, and they got tired of taking one another in.

But my Uncle had taught CONTOUR too much—my Uncle certainly had a *finer relish* for ancient brass than any medalist of them all; and I have seen Jacob *lick at an old coin*, and distinguish its *age*, by its *taste*. I know there are some learned collectors whose palates are quite worn out, and who prefer *ogling*—to *flavouring*; but Jacob affirmed that there was the same difference between the *relish* of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnip.

Indeed, my Uncle had the finest *gusto*, either with his *tongue*, or his *eye*. The latter would kindle at that charming rust of *delicate blue* which a genuine medal acquires by the antiquity of a thousand years, 'twas the bloom of a peach with him! and then it has that peculiar flavour, so well known for its

haut gout to the epicures in ÆRUGO! He was suspicious of your *greys*, for my Uncle, by steeping modern medals in *chalk* and *urine*, obtained them at his pleasure: nor was he less fearful of a *light green*, lovely as that colour is, for he imagined he always tasted in it, the *sulphur*, the *verdigris*, and *vinegar*, hashed up with it.

My Uncle was most erudite in FALSE RUSTS, and whenever he counterfeited a coin, he had the science and the skill to make the letters *illegible*, and the corners *jagged;* but his great art consisted in converting an ancient cheap coin into the rarest imaginable; here he exulted, here he entrapped the gravest medallist of them all, for the coin was *really antique*, and at the same time a *counterfeit!* He did it thus. If Marcus Antoninus was to be picked up for a guinea, and Pertinax fetched fifty, my Uncle with his graver pulled Marcus's nose a little longer,

made his beard more bushy, and raised up one of his shoulders, and behold, we had a most rare Pertinax! that you might have licked at for an hour, and never have spoilt your dinner by a false rust! We have sold many to young collectors, who pant to be rich in small brass, and who always feel

"Blest in *one Niger*,—till they know of *two!*"

DUNCIAD, *Canto* iv.

CHAPTER XXX.

Lo, sudden rushing from the hills amain!
A youthful sportsman flies with rapid pace.
And o'er the lawn pursues his *insect chase*.
A waistcoat of the thinnest silk he wore,
And in his hand, of slightest texture, bore
A curious net, whose meshes light and rare
Scarce shone distinguish'd from the unbodied air.

SCRIBLERIAD, *Book* VI.

Shall I relate how some with aspect wise
Talked for whole hours of MOTHS and BUTTERFLIES?

THE BATTIAD, *Canto* II.

THE *AURELIANS*, OR BUTTERFLY HUNTERS—EXHIBITING SEVERAL BOLD SKETCHES OF ENTOMOLOGY.

I WONDER if the reader knows that there exists an AURELIAN SOCIETY!

My Uncle was one of their most indefatigable correspondents—a butterfly has cost him many a hard day's hunting, and many

a scurvy trick, have that light-winged game served him. He fatigued himself to death in this whimsical pursuit, over and into ditches, with his flapper in his hand—and all for a thing without soul or body, that cannot be touched without falling into pieces, and cannot be breathed on without being scattered into powder*.

* I dare not recount the sorrows of these poor hunters, but I will quote the words of an experienced collector—"I have diligently examined many parts of England on foot, and sometimes accompanied by pedestrian friends of congenial sentiments and taste. Industriously we have sought woods and lawns, hills and vales, marshes and fens. One summer I travelled one thousand miles, in spite of heat and cold, wet and drought, and various other concomitant impediments."

This strenuous Aurelian quotes a greater still, who in his Latin preface declares that an ENTOMOLOGIST must rapidly mount, without grumbling, steep hills, and course extensive commons, must give up wine-bibbing, nay eating, and even sleeping! be content with bread and milk, and not despise lodging in a hovel!

Preface to LEPIDOPTERA BRITANNICA, *Autore A. H. Haworth, p.* x.

My Uncle, a true and universal Philo as he was, felt all the *dignity* of these insects,

One cannot refrain from a smile at the untoward accidents which these Philos are liable to encounter in gratifying their unquenchable curiosity.

Moses Harris, in his splendid work, entitled "The Aurelian," notices various implements necessary for a butterfly-hunter to have at hand to repair his torn nets, and *other disasters*, which are incident to people who frequent places, where *such sharp things as thorns and briars grow.*"

Nature seems not to approve of her *secrets* being known, if we may judge from that systematic defence, by which she has every where surrounded her works—and particularly armed animal life, whenever scientific curiosity, affects, to be too familiar!

One of the most learned naturalists of France, travelling on the banks of the Niger, shook every hollow tree he came to, speculating on ants. Unfortunately, in Africa, he was attacked (it must be owned he was the aggressor)—by a banditti of red ants, who fell on him, he declares, like "a shower of fire." In the isle of Goree, still at the ants!—a crew of white ants *(termites)* pestered the Philo, and gnawed and blistered him in a most lamentable manner; however, he assures us he bore all with philosophic patience, and effected a curious discovery between the red and the white ants—I believe the red ones bit the hardest.

Proud MAN! with all his insufferable pride and pomp, cannot do a single thing which a BUTTERFLY can*!

Of all unsupportable lives, is that of a *valet de chambre* to a gentleman who *scales a volcano!* A friend writes to BORY ST. VINCENT, who has lately done all this, and more—"Your man George tells me, you sometimes continue a whole day without drinking, and two days without food. You travel, deterred by no obstacle, and banish the word *impossible* from your language!" RAG.

The late Dr. PULTENEY, the celebrated botanist, felt exquisite pleasure in reading the lives and travels of *Naturalists*—especially (says Dr. ARNOLD, of Leicester, in his interesting biographical Recollections) the *herborizing adventures*, the *great fatigues*, the *haïr-breadth escapes*, the *discouraging difficulties*, and the *happy success* of these travels of discovery!

* Very instructive it is to read attentively the curious discoveries of the Philos! ancient or modern! Dr. DARWIN querulously tells us that MAN—has neither *horns* nor *wings!*

Proud MAN alone in wailing weakness born,
No *horns* protect him, and no *plumes* adorn!
TEMPLE OF NATURE.

SWAMMERDAM passed the greater part of his life lying on his belly, watching the nests of ants, half-

His soul, too tremulously panted to enjoy their *beauty!*

Jacob had one of the finest collections of butterflies and moths — these elegant and

grilled by the sun and the ants' stings. Ever discontented with mankind, with whom he was certainly in less familiar habits than with his favourites; as he advanced in life he sunk into the mysticism of Madame *Bourignon*, then succeeded hypochondriasm—and, finally, cynicism and misanthropy!

Thus this sage bewails the miserable state of *man*, and the *perfectibility of a butterfly!*—"We see a small insignificant creature, distinguished at its birth with *qualifications* and *ornaments* which MAN, during his stay on earth, can never hope to acquire. To enjoy life, the butterfly needs no other food than the dews of heaven and the juices of flowers. The pageantry of princes cannot equal the rich colouring of its wings. The skies are its proper habitation; while MAN comes into the world *naked*, often roves *without habitation*, exposed to the *heat* of the sun and the *damps* of the earth!"—POOR MAN!

Dr. SKRIMSHIRE, in his "Study of Natural History," talks of the *finer feelings* of the *mind* of the MOTH, and asserts, that the exquisite art and beauty displayed in the admirable texture of its *wing*, were meant for the *gratification of its own eye!*

glittering insects, adroitly pinned and fixed in gum, stretched their fine wings, and seemed to flutter in their glass cases. 'Twas a miniature creation, rich with more than rainbow hues; 'twas a fairyism! a creation of which the eye of the vulgar remains without even a remote conception*.

Of all impassioned Aurelians (the author of *Lepidoptera Britannica* excepted) was

* This new art of *pinning* butterflies is admired with great enthusiasm by Mr. HAWORTH in his recent publication.

"In the present *improved* and *astonishingly augmented* state of the science, there has been introduced the *beautiful fashion* of expanding the *wings* of the LEPIDOPTERA preserved in cabinets in an horizontal and uniform manner." But he qualifies all this exultation.—"But this unhappily destroys their *character* on which our great master (Linnæus) founded the divisions of his marks; viz, *the attitudes of their wings when alive and at rest?*" Nothing less than viewing all his *dead* butterflies *alive* and *in motion* can satisfy "the rolling eye" of so keen an entomologist!—BONNET was nick-named the *Insect*, from the voluminous matter he wrote concerning insects.

ever one, like my Uncle, so deeply enamoured of a fascinating *papillio?* I have seen my Uncle, after panting for two hours after *Camilla* (so called from her amazing velocity*) at length quite disabled in the chase,

* Ah, see the swift CAMILLA scour the plain,
Fly o'er th' unbending corn, and skim along the main! POPE.

and my Uncle after her, and often, not on his heels.

LINNÆUS, at a loss for a nomenclature for butterflies, has fantastically *named* the various species. He usually adopted the heroes of the Iliad; we have Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, &c. The English amateurs have more odd ones, such as the Miller of Mansfield—the Orange Tippy—the Painted Lady—the Red Admiral—the Scotch Argus—the Greasy Frittillary, or Dish-clout. The origin of these strange names has often been occasioned by the adulation of the entomologist; *Scopoli*, a naturalist, changed the denomination of forty-four species of *spiders*, merely that he might have the pleasure of giving to each the *name* of some illustrious person. We have one called the *Glanville* Frittillary, which took its name from a *Lady Glanville*, who was so ardent a hunter, that at her death "her memory had like to have suffered for her curiosity," says Moses Harris, in his "Aurelian." Some relations attempted to set her will aside by "acts of lunacy." One of

sit down on a stile, and shed those tears which lovers shed—or hasten to the woods, there deliciously to feast his entomological eye (since he could not catch her) by rumi-

these acts was her rage for butterflies, and the long journies and fatiguing excursions she made to obtain them. Sir HANS SLOANE, and Mr. RAY, were subpœned to the trial at Exeter; and of course the virtuosi attempted to convince the judge, and persuade the jury, of her ladyship's "laudable inquiry into the wonderful works of creation." The will, it is said, was established; but my dear Aurelians! see how near you touch the "fine partitions" of *madness* and *science!*

HARRIS's *Aurelian, p. 27.*

RAG.

Mr. RAG, however, ought to have recollected, that when a *royal personage* is an Aurelian, the passion for butterflies may give rise to the softest and even the most alarming ones. Mr. SWINBURNE tells us, that the brother of the king of Spain, a cardinal and an archbishop, and a naturalist most ardent, beheld a pretty girl running across the fields in full scent after a butterfly; this similarity of taste made a great impression on him; he insited on putting both the *girl* and the *butterfly* in his collection; but having done this, it

nating on "her fascinating evolutions"—and "that graceful elegance displayed by this charming species when sailing on the wing."

The most provoking thing that happens to an Aurelian is a circumstance I am now to disclose. *The Queen of Spain* is double-brooded! one brood flies in May at Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire; the other brood, in September, flies near London, but not at Gamlingay. The *Queen of Spain* in London, as you may imagine, is not worth having, and strange reports (groundless, I hope,) are going about, that her Spanish Majesty's brood near London are a set of bastards! But all the Aurelians are on the wing, roy-

produced a total revolution in the *marriage laws of Spain!* a new pragmatica was instantly published to prevent matches betwixt persons of unequal rank, and marrying for the sake of a butterfly!

SWINBURNE'S *Travels in Spain, vol.* ii. *p.* 145.

TAG.

stering after the *Queen of Spain* at Gamlingay!—My Uncle having the gout, went down to Gamlingay, and hunted that rare and beautiful *papillio*—in a post-chaise—and what was more singular, although the *Queen of Spain* lamed our horses, we caught her!

In the month of July, how did my Uncle hunt after "*Purple Emperors** !"

* I shall oblige the reader with a copious extract concerning these "Emperors"—I premise, however, that though some parts wear a political cast at this eventful period, I am positive nothing personal is intended against any *Emperor*—I give the passage as a curious specimen of the entomological style and entomological sensibility.

"The *purple Emperor* of the British oaks is not undeservedly the greatest favourite of our English Aurelians. In his *manners* likewise, as well as in the varying lustre of his purple plumes, he possesses the *strongest claims* to their particular attention.

"In the month of July he makes his appearance in the winged state, and invariably fixes his *throne* upon the summit of a lofty oak—in performing his aerial excursions, he ascends to a much greater elevation than any other insect I have seen, mounting

However, my Uncle was not always unluckily in love with such a coquet as *Camilla*; the brilliant *Galathea*, of a mazarine blue, and the tender *Iris*, with a silver-sprinkled wing, soothed his soul; but the curiously-spotted *Aglaia*, called the "Fair Brimstone," from her clouded sulphur colour, he loved better than his eyes, for he got her out of two caterpillars, who the Aurelian Society

higher than the eye can follow—especially if he happens to *quarrel with*

ANOTHER EMPEROR!

They never meet without a battle, flying upwards, and combating with each other as much as possible; after which they frequently return to their respective oaks.

"The *purple Emperor* commences his aerial movements from *ten to twelve* o'clock in the *morning*, but does not perform his loftiest flights till *noon*, and ceases to fly about *four* in the *afternoon*.

"When the *purple Emperor* is within *reach*, no fly is more easily taken than him; for he is so very *bold* and *fearless* that he will not move till you *push him off!*" HAWORTH's *Lepidoptera Britannica*, *p.* 29.

declared would never breed together*. But he possessed the *Papilos Leucomelanos*, an undescribed species, my Uncle's grand monster, and which so long perplexed the Society—till the fellow who sold it to my Uncle confessed on his death-bed, that Mr. Jacob's undescribed butterfly consisted of a *rhinoceros beetle*, to which he had nicely glued (our curate gave the hint for this *appliquè)* a pair of wings, after a *design of Stothard's*† *!*

Let my Uncle not be envied for the number of his *breeding-cages !* He had opened a correspondence at the Brazils—at Georgia—and in China—to obtain some new species; but he lamented with the right worshipful

* After enumerating the seventy-two species of British butterflies, Mr. HAWORTH, with a spirit of gratified enthusiasm, exclaims—"*All these I have beheld* ALIVE *!*"

† Such a kind of a *beetle* might, however, have been worth twenty guineas! — one sold at Mr. DRURY's late sale for fifteen!

Society the paucity of *perfect specimens* which reach Europe; for the Brazilian and Georgian *boys* and *girls*, in chasing them, are apt to flap them down with their hats, or gripe them with their hands, and thus turn a butterfly to a splendid ruin! These martyrs to science arrive in this country with a mutilated wing, torn antennæ, and crushed as it may happen. My Uncle hit on an expedient to avoid this lamentable loss to the human race, by contriving a *flapper*, or gauze net, which would close on them without shaking their down, or handling so delicate a creature too roughly. My Uncle had a soul for a butterfly, and would have grieved to have laid his finger too harshly even on a moth.

Of these *flappers* many were sent out to catch butterflies alive to the Brazils; they were distributed among the natives, who eagerly snatched them, and immediately set off flying, with their *flappers* in their hands,

to the woods—but not one poor devil of a butterfly did my Uncle ever receive!

'Twas now fine Aurelian weather—my Uncle proposed a hunt—He and the Swede fell into a ditch, and there discovered *the creation of the universe!*

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ah! je vois deja d'ici
Fremir tout le ZENONISME!
D'entendre traiter ainsi
Un des saints du paganisme.
Pardon! mais en verite
Mon Apollon revolte
Lui devoit ce temoignage
Pour l'ennui que m'a coute
Son insupportable ouvrage!

Je ne prens point pour vertu,
Les noirs acces de tristesse
D'un loup-garou revetu
Des habits de la sagesse.
SENEQUE aigri mes humeurs
Par ses preceptes sauvages,
Dans EPICTETE, &c.
J'y trouve un consolateur
Plus affige que moi-meme!

J. B. ROUSSEAU.

HOW *MARCUS ANTONINUS* WOULD HAVE PLUNGED INTO A DITCH, WITH A BETTER GRACE, THAN MY UNCLE!

My Uncle pursuing a butterfly, and the Swede puffing along, pursuing both, a tip-

toe, just closing their flappers, they (but not the butterfly) fell together into a ditch!

When fairly at the bottom, the first thing that occurred between the Philos was a dreadful damnation of souls!

I blush to record these indecorous habits of a pair of *natural* philosophers in a ditch—had they been two Scotch professors of *moral* philosophy, I dare say they had been quiet enough. Your stoic, whom I consider as the true *moral Philo*, is a gentleman, as much a philosopher, when he falls headlong into a ditch, as when he gravely walks into a drawing-room.

Marcus Antoninus will not allow of *swearing*, or any minuter kind of *grumbling*, in any possible combination of human misfortunes. No! no!—he exclaims—We allow of no pretexts for a want of *philosophy*; not nakedness, not hunger, not sickness, not ignorance itself; on the contrary, all

these are most powerful incentives for our being greater philosophers—" That man" (he writes) " philosophises, though he has not a coat to his back; and this, though he cannot procure a book. The first, half-naked, cries, I want bread, and I shiver with cold; however, I still philosophise! the second, I am very ignorant, I know nothing of the sciences; however, I go on philosophising."—And my Uncle, who knew them all, could not fall into a ditch without swearing! *Marcus* could have plunged, no doubt, with a better grace than Jacob—which shews the immense superiority of *moral* over *natural* philosophy in tempering the passions, and pitching us just at that degree, which makes a man go, for all the world, like A STOP-WATCH*. Once in the ditch, however, Jacob beat Marcus hollow!

* Here are two opposite opinions relating to the celebrated *Meditations* of ANTONINUS. MONTES-

Notwithstanding MARCUS ANTONINUS, I do think that *reasonable swearing* ventilates

QUIEU regards that moral work with great sensibility; "Never did a philosopher make men more perfectly feel the sweetness of virtue, and the dignity of their nature, than MARCUS ANTONINUS; he touches the heart, elevates the mind, and enlarges the soul." But WINKELMAN declares, that this philosophical monarch was deficient in *taste*. "In dismissing the works of art, executed under his reign, I always am reminded of his own writings. The morality is good, but the thoughts and the style are alike trivial, and unworthy of a prince, who feels the ambition of an author." RAG.

It is necessary to give the reader an excerpt from my "WORLD OF FOOLS, or SECRET MEMOIRS of eminent PHILOS." *vol.* xvii. *p.* 1895.

MARCUS was a great PHILO—and a gentleman (if a STOIC can be called a *gentleman*) of moderate talents. As a prince the weakest, as a husband the most infatuated, as a father the most doating, and, in a word, he was a buzzard in ethics.

While his wife FAUSTINA was the idol of the Roman toilettes, and her gallantries formed their morning conversations, the good man wrote down in his "Meditations," I thank the gods for having given me so gentle and so faithful a wife!—His daughter, warm in whose veins flowed her mother's

an over heated soul. And when our two Philos at length found themselves sound in

blood, he hastily married off to a decrepit senator, that she might not any more interrupt his philosophising. —His son COMMODUS he placed early amidst his philosophers, and the youth having philosophised day after day, astonished the world, at length, as a prodigy—of infamy!—LUCIUS VERUS, having performed the *Tartuffe* for a short time, admiring MARCUS to his face, wearing an old brown cloak like his own, MARCUS selected the wily man of the town for his *colleague!* who proved to be the most dissolute of the Romans.—While MARCUS was philosophising in his closet, he suffered the provinces to be pillaged by their governors. He was latterly rallied to his face on the theatre for his *uxoriousness*, his *favouritism*, and his excessive *paternity;* all bestowed with the same discernment! His people, who were told they had a philosopher for their sovereign, were quite charmed, while they wondered how it happened that the government was in eternal disorder!

Yet, after all, MARCUS has written a fine book of ethical instructions; and led (poor fellow!) but a scurvy stoical life, voluntarily ill-fed, ill-dressed, and ill-bedded! He never disobeyed his mother, but by persisting (as one of his preceptors had taught him) to sleep on the bare-boards. He loved to *lecture*; and the PHILOS of his day, who well knew what most pleases a PHILO, plied him hard with

limb, Jacob, looking calmly towards the edge of the ditch, observed drily—"I had a *right* to pull you down."

philosophical cases, and the more they puzzled him, the more he was gratified. Nay, once they actually stopped the progress of the army for three days, that they might *write down* all the EMPEROR had to say, upon all kinds of subjects, before he risqued the battle!

> Whatever sceptics could enquire for,
> For every WHY, he had a WHEREFORE.
>
> BUTLER.

MARCUS resembled CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, that royster of a PHILO! He who got so sick of philosophy at last, that he took a desperate emetic, and threw it all up in his "Vanity of the Arts and Sciences."—Cornelius, old Rabelais declares, was like those Lamian witches whom Plutarch describes; abroad and in every person's house except *their own*, they were lynx-eyed; but at home as blind as moles. And no wonder, for in private they were accustomed to take their eyes out of their heads, and lay them up carefully in a slipper, which always hung behind their door! This remarkable fact has been verified in a thousand instances with our PHILOS—there is nothing they know so little about, as that which passes under their own noses. Did not SENECA

"A right!"—grumbled the honest Swede.

"Yes, by *the laws of motion!* On the edge of the ditch, I felt myself *a falling body!* There is no resisting our *polarity*; you felt my *magnetic influence*, and you DIPPED like the needle!"

"Yes, yes," replied the Swede," you was a *moving body*, and I a *body at rest;* you imagined to have lost as much force as you communicated, as all *striking bodies do!*

compose his fine epistles in praise of poverty on a golden table; and at the moment he was writing an invective against Avarice, oppress our own county of Essex, with the grinding usury of his loans! Did not SALLUST reprobate the luxuries of a luxurious age, while no man took a greater share in them?

We shall often find that the man who writes a system of ethics, is like a *map-maker,* who puts the universe together at his ease; and may make, notwithstanding, a more sorry *traveller* than any of us!

MARCUS, eternally philosophising, was like an old monk repeating his pater-nosters, till he dins his own ears!—but the least part of WISDOM and PIETY consists in—WORDS!

BOBTAIL.

Your *velocity* must have exceeded your calculation! but Nature has made me rather pulpy, than solid; and I am as liable to be pressed flat, as to break asunder."

The falling into the ditch was accounted for on such *true principles*, that the Swede was content! That *martyr of science*, if you could inform, of the *causes* of his finger being burnt, cared very little for the finger itself.

Jacob, looking around the new situation they occupied, discovered that the ditch was a cabinet for a *mineralogist*. He run over the lime stone, and the rowley rag or toad-stone.

The Swede, taking up a lump of plumb-pudding-stone, exclaimed, "What a concussion of the globe must have happened here five or six thousand years ago! for this pudding-stone is evidently a volcanic production."

"Pshaw!" replied Jacob—"every thing at present is accounted as volcanic. You are a *Plutonist* and I a *Neptunist!* We geologists lead a miserable life of disputation, ever between fire and water*. I know a great deal about the ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD!"

The Swede's orbicular face squared with a grin—seating himself on the pudding-stone, he at once opened his eyes, his ears, and his mouth—listening in philosophical ecstasy, while Jacob sat amidst the sand-stone, like a begrimed sybil, on an immense tripod of quartz.

* The *Plutonists* are those who account for the creation itself as the consequences of the action of *fire:* while the *Neptunists* attribute the same effects to the powerful action of *water.*

PARKINSON'S *Chemical Pocket-book.*

I am surprised there are no *Jupiters* among these whimsical geologists—I wish them one, with all my heart, a flashy clever royster of a *Jupiter Tonans!*

TAG.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth!

GENESIS.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED IN A DITCH — ALARMING SYSTEMS—COMFORTABLE CLOSE!

I KNOW of no better account of the creation than that given in our motto—yet my Uncle knew so many, that he could not decide which was the *most rational!* and he so rambled in his wits, that at times he thought it was entirely owing to MOSES, that such strange confusion prevailed in our *geological systems.* He startled our curate, by asking,

" Was it *the Creation* which Moses has described* ?"

* Bonnet was a pious man, but in a theory of the earth, a man sometimes may nearly lose his piety. This philosopher has a curious notion, that the world is much older than we suppose, and that it existed *long before* what we deem *the Creation !* The account Moses has given, is only a *new revolution* in the planet. He says, that on the surface and in the bowels of the earth we discover immense masses of ruins, which appear to be those of a former world, very different from our own. He laments we have no historian of the *first world* to describe the causes which *produced chaos !* Astronomers, in the planets *Venus* and *Mars* (if there were any) before the *revolution* described by Moses, might have known these *anterior revolutions !*

See *La Palingenesie Philosophique.*

But by the *last accounts,* it appears that Bonnet blundered ! Mons. De Sales, in his " *Philosophie de la Nature,*" (which contains much more of the *former* than the *latter)* positively says, that " whatever system the philosopher may embrace, I assure mankind that our earth, such as it is, appears to be only in its puberty, and that probably ten thousand ages will pass away before it falls into decrepitude !"

THEORISTS are a kind of gentlemen who, not having any occupation in this world, strike out something to do, in *making it;* I believe between jest and earnest! — They gravely tell you how a *planet*, or a *plant*, or an *animal*, may have been formed, and talk as positively of the deluge, as if they had all been in Noah's ark! As their honour is concerned to account for every thing, with a THEORY in their hands, they put NATURE to the torture, and force her to confess things, in that convulsive state, which afterwards are discovered to be false. A THEORY is a *bridge*, by which the builder passes over to opposite shores, which otherwise would not appear to have any connection. This bridge serves him as a temporary convenience, but it has ever been only an agreeable delusion; it does not exist in reality! 'tis a magician's bridge, and none can there securely tread but the wonder-working architect himself, march-

ing with his feet of sorcery on the airy edifice.

> Our different SYSTEMS, old or new,
> A man with half an eye may see,
> Were only form'd *to disagree!*
>
> PRIOR'S ALMA.

My Uncle in the ditch began his "Inquiry into the original State and Formation of this Globe*."

* The title of WHITEHURST's Work. Of WHITEHURST, whose ingenious theory of the earth lasted about twenty years, it has been said, that he constructed the universe from observations collected in a Derbyshire ditch! In GEOLOGY, two great rivals are running their course, but have suddenly halted—Dr HUTTON and Mr. KIRWAN—their systems are direct refutations to each other; but as the most profound geniuses of the age are intensely occupied on the antediluvian world, we shall have (wind and tide permitting) fresh inventors and refuters. Our *geological systems* fall like autumnal leaves, and may be bought as cheap as old almanacks. In the first edition of Mr. PARKINSON's "Chemical Pocket-Book," I find Mr. KIRWAN's system on the primæval state of the earth, printed in

The Swede was eager to know about our own *earth-makers*.—My Uncle, who liked to be telling old flim-flams, nodded his assent.

Among our literary fashions, we in England did nothing formerly but *make worlds* —but as folly likes travelling, when she becomes antiquated at home, she takes refuge abroad—old English follies have been frequently returned to us as French wisdom.

1800, page 147—but in the last, published in 1803, behold Mr. KIRWAN's *world* has disappeared, like

"The baseless fabric of a dream!"

Notwithstanding, Mr. KIRWAN, after so much trouble, took possession of a world which he was heir to, being the only one in the present who knew any thing positive concerning affairs which took place in the former world—yet they will only grant him a lease of three short years, and eject him by a process served by the hand of Nature herself.—Yet is Nature an indulgent mother to all her *geological boys*; each finds something to play with in her cabinet of curiosities—and she smiles on all alike, while each one thinks he blows the sharpest whistle, or rides the handsomest hobby.

BURNET constructed a "Sacred Theory of the Earth," like a prophet, a poet, and a parson! He describes its original state as a flat uniform surface, without a mountain and a valley—a tiresome Dutch landscape! The earth was so placed that it had perpetual fine weather—still more tiresome! As mankind degenerated, the heat of the sun gradually cracked the crust of the earth; but KEIL proved the sun's heat was not sufficiently intense for that purpose: the deluge rushed through the fissures, but here KEIL shews that he had not provided water enough to cover his earth! Then the earth broke into hill and vale, which he considers as a confused heap of fragments, among which Man wanders as a punishment inflicted on his race. BURNET, though a fine genius, had not the slightest conception of our present notion of the *picturesque* !*

* Dr. THOMAS BURNET exercised a richness of imagination worth the bishopric he would have en-

WOODWARD, who was a great conchologist, considered this globe as a curious piece

joyed, had he not liked the spirit better than the letter of his Bible. He had doubts concerning the fall of man—unguardedly was published a dialogue between Eve and the Serpent. Unlucky genius! He exhausted himself in epigrams between Eve and the Devil, and missed a bishopric, which might not have required as much genius as goes to the making of a single epigram. The clergy were roused; yet, after all, was BURNET a pious man.

When his "Sacred Theory" was first published, it is curious to observe its effect on men of genius, and on plodding astronomers and mathematicians.

The Spectator, No: 146, contains a feeling criticism on this beautiful production of fancy. BURNET is addresed as a writer who composes with the inspiration of an angel; who with a celestial ambition traces Nature and Providence moving together; and in giving a sublime extract, the Spectator calls it a funeral oration over this globe.

But though Dr. BURNET had captivated a poet's soul, his fine pictures, glowing with sublime invention and rich colouring, were outrageously attacked by the torpid fancy, but strongly-textured brain, of the mathematician KEIL and the astronomer FLAMSTEAD. They calculated and they measured! and, too grave to relish the pleasantry of fancy, fulmi-

of shell-work! He continually travelled over England to discover the nature of the universe; he was trundled into coal-pits, he penetrated into quarries, and led for several years the obscure life of a mole, travelling more frequently into the earth than above it. He exultingly exclaims, I was down in this well—I myself dug in this pit—I passed three days in this dark spelunca—While he at first proposed only to find out the materials of this present globe, he discovered *another world*, and one that more tickled his fancy. He declared that all shells, and fossils, and petrifactions, which every where cover the earth, are *the remains of a former*

nated the laurels of BURNET, affecting an air of superiority! KEIL said the theory was formed with the cobweb threads of imagination. The royal astronomer told BURNET gravely, and with great warmth, that there went more to *the making of the world* than a fine-turned period! Provoking astronomer! He declared that he was able to overthrow the THEORY *—in one sheet of paper!*

world. Shells were the *exuviæ* or covering of animals that formerly existed—much like old houses without tenants—but that they had had inhabitants is evident from their retaining the impressions of their forms, and sometimes the very forms themselves. All fossils and petrifactions were but a world which had been once in a state of dissolution; and in England he found skeletons of animals, and vegetable remains, which now do not exist, or are only found alive in the most remote parts of the universe*.

* Mr. PARKINSON, in his recent publication of "Organic Remains of a former World," has pushed this system with a stretch of fancy which cannot fail to fascinate the rapt GEOLOGIST.

Mr. PARKINSON considers our present globe as one vast tomb of a former world; a mere decomposition of animal matter! a mere breaking up of a preceding world! We are (says he) surrounded by the wrecks of the earliest ages. The remains of beings which were once vegetables and animals are now "changed in their appearance during the revolution of innumerable ages;" and converted into

minerals, petrifactions, shells, limestone, marble, &c. They often retain the exact figure they bore in their primitive state. Whole trees, perfect plants, fish, insects, and birds, are found in a fossil state. We find also the remains of terrific antediluvian animals, of which no living prototype is now known. We also discover the bones of animals, now existing in parts of the world extremely remote, from where their remains are dug out.

On the system of the DELUGE, the wonder-working imaginations of GEOLOGISTS can account for every strange reality or wild freak in the most natural progression; but, however, they tell us some things worth repeating. NOAH *and his family* do not appear to have known *so much* concerning the deluge as Mr. PARKINSON *and his family;* Messieurs KIRWAN, HUTTON, PLAYFAIR, &c.

Why are the *bones of elephants,* natives of hot climates, discovered in the bleak clime of *Siberia?* This question Mr. KIRWAN, in his Geological Essays, finds no difficulty to resolve; he tells us that there must have been, at the time of the deluge, an inundation of the southern into the northern seas; the elephants immediately *herded together,* and were carried away from Africa.—They seemed to have *taken fright* at the DELUGE, and to have *sailed down together* to Siberia! I wonder that so curious a sight as a *fleet of elephants* has not been handed down to us by some of *Noah's family.*

Mr. PARKINSON says he would "check a propensity to indulge in *vain,* and perhaps *dangerous,*

conjecture of the destruction and renovation of this world." He thinks, however, we shall be still better off in the *next!* But I did not know before, that we are actually *much better* in the *present world* than were NOAH *and his family* before the deluge! I have been straining "my brain out of its natural position" all this last week, and cannot even conjecture from whence he got his information; besides, I am alarmed that his notion is not orthodox, though I find the Right Reverend Bishop of CLOGHER opines that *the deluge* did not cover the whole face of the earth, *p.* 256. In that case it ought not to be called, by way of distinction, THE *deluge!* it was only A *deluge?*

Our modern NOAH, after describing the DELUGE in a long satisfactory detail, says, "It cannot but be evident, that *however well adapted* the ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD might have been for the purposes for *which it was designed,* the PRESENT has undergone such a change, as has rendered it *much better fitted to supply the necessaries,* and even the *comforts and luxuries* of civilized men, than it could in the former state!" *p.* 466.

The next geological curiosity is, the ANTEDILUVIAN FURNITURE! If we have existing before our eyes animals, vegetables, &c. of the antediluvian world, how comes it we have not an old rush-bottomed chair, or a table wanting a leg, or a long rusty Toledo, once appertaining to NOAH *and his family?* This Mr. PARKINSON candidly enquires into, and then answers somewhat queerly. He says,

that as " we have not a single antediluvian piece of art left us, we should have reason to SUPPOSE (having NO PROOF before us *to shew* that man was *created,*) that MAN *had not been created* at the period at which *this event* (the DELUGE) *occurred!!!*" p. 470. He adds, " this circumstance is of no great force against the *Mosaic account!*" (Mr. PARKINSON! now, indeed, I begin to suspect your creed!) No, says he, it is not; for " between the creation of man and his destruction by the deluge, the time was so short, as to have allowed no extensive multiplication of the species!"—Heavens defend me! Because Mr. P. cannot find antediluvian *tables* and *chairs* to confirm his system, which, by the bye, he ought to find, if it were to be depended on—he makes the deluge a mere bursting of a Dutch dyke, and counts NOAH *and his family* upon his fingers! I leave him to a synod of Bishops!

Another antediluvian discovery—COAL is the *old wood* used by NOAH *and his family!*

Mr. WILLIAMS says, that " the ANTEDILUVIAN TIMBER was the *original* of our present COAL! Mr. PARKINSON offers good arguments to prove COAL is not antediluvian *timber,* but antediluvian *vegetables! p.* 261.

" That *wood* is the origin of *coal* (says Mr. WILLIAMS) is so *plain* and *evident* a truth, that we can *almost* trace and point out the *particular species of wood* which composed *particular species of coal.*" He then describes how " the *antediluvian timber* floated on the chaos or waters of the deluge," till it was

converted into *coal*!—" But *how* and *by what means* every thing in this GREAT WORK was *fitted* and *carried on* belongs to higher wisdom and intelligence than mine to explain!" p. 242.

Thus he has occupied the Creator in a colliery; Yet he changes his system as easily as he changes his shirt—for after all which Mr. WILLIAMS has so positively declared, he suddenly turns on us in these words—" I can propose another *probable source of coal!* I believe I may call it a *real one*, and that is the ANTEDILUVIAN PEAT-BOG!—Mercy on us! and why, sir?—" because I have seen COALS *very much like* PEAT-BOG; and PEAT-BOG when dried becomes as *hard* and as *black* as COAL!" *p.* 242.

For the final information of the reader on this interesting topic, he may see all these " Organic Remains, or *Fragments of another World*," at the *Leverian Museum*—where they are preserved under this fascinating title.

MINERALOGISTS have not always been so easily satisfied as Mr. WILLIAMS. They acknowledge they cannot tell the origin of a flint, or a pebble! but then the confession is made in anger and vexation. HENCKEL, with mingled perplexity and wonder, exclaimed, " Oh FLINT-STONE! FLINT-STONE! what hath engendered thee? Is it not possible that we should form some notion of the *manner* in which thy *formation* was effected!" Even Mr. PARKINSON confesses he knows not whether it owes its existence to *fire* or *water!*—For my part, far from

WHISTON, as an astronomer, asserted the globe was a comet, hot and cold; and as a

examining them so curiously as HENCKEL, I wonder why they pave our roads with them!

A vexatious flim-flam was played off on a Dr. BERINGER. Seized by the mania of finding every thing in fossils, every scratch he saw was something to his eye. He published a strange work, containing a new hypothesis, accompanied by the representations of "stones, said to bear petrifactions of birds, some with spread, others with closed wings; bees and wasps, some sipping honey from expanded flowers; spiders weaving their webs; moths and butterflies engendering"—Mineralogists were all on the alert at its first publication. Dr. BERINGER called this work his *Specimen Primum*, and proceeded with his hypothesis. Alas! he published no second! It came out that some cruel wags had deposited these fossils, so artfully prepared, in a mountain which our learned mineralogist was in the habit of exploring, and Dr. BERINGER was duped! Mr. PARKINSON says it was a silly and cruel trick—if it mortified the Doctor so as to have cost him his life, I am sorry for it—but it was not so silly a trick, since it proves that an hypothesis is easily formed, and that a mineralogist can account for any thing he chuses in a fossil, and, as Mr. PARKINSON does, can describe the deluge with an enviable accuracy.

mathematician, he calculated its duration to an alarming nicety! To avoid the blunder of BURNET, he provided a deluge from the diuretic tail of another comet; but though he drowned the world, he gave himself no trouble to carry the water off*.

When that paradoxical Gaul, BUFFON, got a lava snuff-box, he had it so continually in his hand, that nothing better occurring, he pronounces the whole globe to be like his lava snuff-box, VOLCANIC! He looks around the beautiful vicissitudes of this lovely earth, and traces this pervading order, and swears at every pinch from his lava snuff-box, that the whole globe lies in the wildest disorder.

* KEIL proved by calculation, that WHISTON required to the amount of *twenty-three oceans* to cover the surface of the earth, and produce a deluge. This, KEIL owned, he could easily pour from the tail of his comet; but he had only contrived a *recess* for *one ocean*, so that there were no less than *twenty and two oceans*, left without any chance of being carried off!

He views nothing but mountains splitting, rocks falling, old continents sinking, new islands emerging! a chaotic mixture of the solid and the friable, the dry and the humid! *Morbleu!* cries the airy Frenchman, the earth was shivered from the sun by a comet's tail, in hot splinters, and lies in a mass of fragments, a mere vitrification.

Our WHITEHURST modestly thinks that our earth must originally have been in a fluid state—from its retaining a *spheroidal figure*, precisely like a globular drop of water!

Monsieur P. BERTRAND congeals the universe, and to read him, is enough to cool any reasonable man, in the dog-days*! DE

* Among the more fanciful modern GEOLOGISTS is Monsieur P. BERTRAND, who has refuted Mr. DE LA METHERIE. It is said he has perfectly succeeded in this, but it is the easiest thing imaginable, it seems, to refute Mr. P. BERTRAND himself, for he has a theory of his own! It is a wild collection of fairy tales, in which the author lays down for his first prin-

MAILLET insists the father of the human race was a great *fish*; according to him our ances-

ciple of investigation that, "*in these matters*, TRUTH can only be found in the *most unlikely suppositions!!*"

His first notion of the CREATION is, that it consisted of "invisible, motionless, dead, frozen worlds," These broke into motion and heat, by certain travelling comets, so gigantic as to exceed all calculation. The process of the elements is as minutely described, as if it had all taken place under the eye of the chemist, in a large quart jar!—Nature had almost exhausted herself in these repeated convulsions, when at length, the fire, penetrating the sea to an immense depth, volatilising the earths, occasioned caverns of incalculable dimensions (every thing he calls incalculable!) the waters sunk into these caverns, and behold, the *epoch* of our present existence commenced. Every thing is diminished in size, and nature seems almost worn out, by the preceding gigantic efforts she employed to such little purpose. He declares our *present earthquakes and volcanoes*, are feeble and degenerate. Hear him!—"The first earthquakes *shook the globe*, overthrowing every thing; the first conflagrations were bottomless and boundless *seas of fire*;" our actual *volcanoes* he compares to *chimnies!!*

He afterwards *describes* how MAN was produced from *virgin mud*, fecundated by the solar rays; when every particle of mud or salt grappled with its neigh-

tors lived in *water;* he would persuade one he has discovered the origin of so many *crabs* and *sharks*, among us*. And then, that

bour; there were no distinct species, but a kind of adulterous intercourse took place between monsters of odd shapes,

"If shapes they might be called, that shapes had none." MILTON.

We seem to have been nothing more than so many *loblings*, for he supposes that the *fins* of our *primeval parents*, were changed into *arms, legs, and wings!*

This writer, who perhaps will not believe a tittle of Moses's account of the creation, cannot be said to be deficient in faith, if he does his own! For an account of his *Nouveaux Principes de Geologie*, see MONTHLY REV. *vol.* 30, *p.* 566.

* Monsieur DE MAILLET had resided as consul at Grand Cairo, the heat of the climate and the wildness of the oriental cosmogony touched a romancing brain. He left a work under the title of *Telliamed*, the anagram of his name. Under the character of an Indian philosopher, he delivers his opinion on the nature of the earth and the origin of man. According to him all originates in water. It was from the gradual retreat of the waters, the earth, even to the highest mountains, was formed. He therefore

crack-brained ROBINET shews what a long while NATURE was serving her *apprenticeship*, and with so much opposition from the philosophers, she may be hardly yet said, to have *set up for herself* !*

asserts that our great progenitors were *fish*, and very painfully shews, how our *marine parents*, had their tails forked, ere they became amphibious! How these tails, gradually plastic, swelled into thighs, and stretched into legs! These reasonings are supported by *facts*, and he collects veracious anecdotes of *scaly men* with *fish tails!* and other *tails!* Nature seems so gentle-hearted, that no beggarly theorist, who knocks at her door, departs without his penny!

* ROBINET's idea of NATURE is, that she has *served an apprenticeship!* After much blundering and botching, she has performed her most perfect work in MAN! In every object he perceives traces of *imperfect humanity;* every thing is animated, but the animation differs in degrees incalculable.

He begins with FOSSILS; and has carried Mr. PARKINSON's "Organic Remains," perhaps to a bolder extravagance! when Mr. P. discovers petrifactions, &c. which have the figures of a heart, brains, foot, eye, or ear, he imagines they may in a former world, have been what their forms indicate;

"All of ye" (cried the Swede) "are enough to vex the devil. In all these won-

but the Frenchman, with great fortitude of impudence, tells us, that such fossils, are the *first rough sketches* of an artist, who had still a great deal to learn before she made a *man!* In simple truth, he asserts, that the first sketch of a man may be found in a *fossil!* For instance, in the great varieties of forms, in fossils, you pick up one, which appears to be an *ear.* Now, says Monsieur ROBINET, it is an ear, not a perfect one I confess, but had it been placed on the side of Braham's head, that stone ear would have been an ear most musical! Among the agates some look like the *heads of negroes;* had such an one been found on the shoulders of an African, he declares it would have served him just as well, as the head he usually has!

Nature's next step was her PLANTS. These bear a most fraternal analogy with man; and indeed, they only seem to want a little metaphysical philosophy, to be perfectly men, women, and children. He finds in the *mandrake,* a plant with the thighs and legs of a man, and he considers him nearly as a French citizen!

Nature, at length more experienced, exhibits the approaching man, in ANIMALS! He finds out a *serpent,* in the East Indies, which has a *human head;* the *Cobra di Capello!* The human scale now rises, and the imperfections of the great manufacturer of MAN

ders of GEOLOGY, the most wonderful things to me are the GEOLOGISTS themselves! I like

become less and less. He discovers her ruder attempts at a perfect man, in the *mermen* in the seas, and *ourang outangs* in the woods.—Nature, whose hand is visibly improving, and almost out of her apprenticeship, now creates *deformed men!*—At first men born with tails, and Hottentot ladies born with aprons, (by the bye, the latter are the only women who are as modest when naked as dressed.) Nature must have been a long while before she could form a fine Grecian head; for she has a great abundance of the flat, round, and square-headed gentry! Laplanders, Calmucks, &c.

At length, NATURE remoulds her mould, and in her new cast produces her *chefs d'œuvre!* the Medicean Venus and the Belvidere Apollo! She began with fossils, proceeded to plants, played among monkeys, thought deeper among animals, and completed herself in Man!

Thus is NATURE perpetually appealed to, by these UN*naturalists*, who find her always, in their inkstands! I add the address of this Philo, who has discovered the *apprenticeship of nature;* for if I did not tell where these gentlemen may be found, my flim-flams would not be credible. Monsieur ROBINET lives at the sign of "*Essai de la Nature, qui apprend a faire l'Homme!*"

BOBTAIL.

best our LINNÆUS's theory. 'Tis an Arcadian description."

"A mere poetical romance!" yawned my Uncle—"he talks of ADAM, as if he had been, a member of the Linnæan Society!"

"We must not forget our PALLAS's notion of the *mountains!*" proceeded the Swede. "Having lived among *mountains*, he does not think so lightly of them as manufacturers of mountains in arm-chairs*. The majestic

* Those who have addicted themselves to the study of MOUNTAINS, and of course lived much among them, soon learn utterly to despise their fellow men, and the insignificant lowlands in which we usually reside.

SAUSSURE, on Mont-blanc, exclaims—can the thoughts of the *insignificant beings* who move on the *face of the earth* occur to my mind?—

Mr. WYTTENBACH, is a curious Philo of this class—Mr. KARAMSIN tells us, he never reads poems or novels, but all his days has been an Alp-goer, and is never happy till he is fixed at the top of an Alpine mountain!—but he was never at Zurich! He turned

chain of mountains could not rise out of the earth so easily as you all seem to think. Considering them as the masonry of the building, he thinks they bind the universe together, and prop one another. He divides MOUNTAINS into

Primordial,
Secondary,
and
Tertiary!

"Zounds! exclaimed my Uncle, chafed at

up his nose whenever he heard a *city* or a *town* described—I shall have time enough, said this *mountain-man,* to visit *towns* when age prevents me from *climbing the Alps!* Mr. WYTTENBACH may depend on this, that whenever he comes fairly to live in a town among human beings, he will turn out a mere dizard! I wish to know what he proposes to do with all this knowledge of his, about the *Alps!* Is the whole to terminate in *private amusement?* Will he be so disinterested as to instruct us in some practicable art of *moving a mountain easily,* or blasting a rock more easily than is done at present, with dreadful explosions of gun-powder?

the idea of the *three orders of Pallas's mountains*—fidgeting more than philosophizing—don't you feel the water trickling through the crevices of your plumb-pudding-stone? Talk of three orders of mountains! Has not Monsieur DE LA METHERIE, in his "*Theory of the Earth**," lately declared that the whole affair appertains to *la haute philosophie?* Has he not chapters "*on the* FIRST PARTICLES *of matter;* of the FIGURE *of the first particles of matter;* of the PROPER FORCE *of these first parts of matter?*"

"Well!"—interrupted the Swede testily—"does Mr. DE LA METHERIE mean with his *first particles* to change an atom of PALLAS's mountains? In all this matter I see nothing material!"

"Nor I neither!" replied my Uncle, laughing—"only be modest in talking of a

* See his third volume of "*La Theorie de la Terre.*"

mountain, when we have not yet made up our minds to the *first particles of matter*."

"We have been detailing," said the Swede, "much curious nonsense; but, however, it is all philosophical! They calculate the depth of the earth to its centre at four thousand miles, and we have not penetrated a thousand yards! 'Tis the gnat attempting to give a puncture to the scaly rhinoceros! In GEOLOGY the Indians are not such fools in saying the world is supported by an elephant, and the elephant by a tortoise, and the tortoise by *something else!* It is just as good an account as you have given."

My Uncle rejoined, "In respect to *conjectural theories*, I prefer that of the Celebeans! Those islanders have a tradition that the *sun* and *moon* once fought in the deserts of space; the moon in her fright was suddenly delivered of the EARTH! Our planet too seems big with other planets. An earthquake

with them is a *qualm;* and the throes of *an earth with earth* still alarm them. But it is comfortable, however, to reflect, as I heard at the ROYAL INSTITUTION, that on *an accurate survey of this globe*, there does not appear any *reason for alarm* at its *sudden explosion* or *rapid destruction!* Every thing at present holds tight and hangs well together *.—There he

* My Uncle, "good easy man!" is much too easily satisfied on the *duration of this earth!* It is very well, I own, to say all this at the ROYAL INSTITUTION—not to frighten the *ladies!* Monsieur BORY DE ST. VINCENT positively asserts that the *central fires* of our *globe* are gradually augmenting! This alarming intelligence the EDINBURGH REVIEWERS (the first act of kindness I recollect of them) laugh at! It seems they are one of the sect who have lodged themselves in the SUN! They inform us, that the SUN is by no means *fiery*, but *opaque* and *habitable!* "So that fragments driven off from its substance may perform their march with the *utmost coolness!*" A philosophical Greenlander would have a warmer conception of the *sun!* than these frigorific critics!

EDINBURGH REVIEW. *vol.* vi. *p.* 132.

But without alarm can we perpend the "philoso-

is, by G—! the *Papilio Podalirius!* Oh! that I could but run him through with this great pin!"

phy of nature" of Monsieur DE SALES? Seriously weigh the niceness of his calculations! He finds that *the earth must wear out before the sun!* You shall hear him! "The *more active* a being is, the sooner it *wears out* by *friction;* in this sense, the EARTH, in which astronomy has discovered THREE MOVEMENTS, must have a shorter duration than the SUN, which *only turns on its own axis.*" Then "the *radical humidity,* which serves to fecundate the earth, *appears* more and more to dry away; and when the earth shall cease to produce, it must cease to be a planet!" As for our atmosphere, surcharged with nitre, salts, and sulphur, producing whirlwinds, tempests and meteors; and the sea continually rubbing against the earth; and even the irruptions of volcanoes, the horrid convulsions of our earth,—he smiles at them! These only working about *its surface.*

Now he speculates on the *size* of the *earth!* the *duration* of beings is generally proportioned to their *mass;* the whale lives several centuries, while some microscopical animals are born and die in an hour. The *more complicated,* the organisation of a being, the shorter is its existence; and this is the reason that *man* hardly lives a century, and a *rock* can resist the fury of the sea, *fifty hundreds* of years!!

Saying this, he grasped one from the large pincushion pendant from his waistcoat but-

These *principles* having our full conviction and assent, now to put into practice! Monsieur DE SALES, wishes us "to *observe* the duration of some *great terrestrial body*—for instance, an *immense chain of mountains*—we are to take it, from the instant this immense chain of mountains, has been gradually formed by the waves of the sea, till it gets so high, that the ocean cannot any more wash its acclivities—then observing it, until the *insensible action* of the atmosphere reduces this immense chain of mountains to the *level* of its surrounding *plains!* The *age* of this *chain of mountains* would PERHAPS give us a scale by which we might *guess* the age of the *earth!*"

The algebraist whose head never turns even among his × × ×, (the mark of what he calls his unknown quantities,) will here grow dizzy! Even in this *apocalypse* of modern philosophy, this work of Monsieur DE SALES, the author, after a number of these proposed calculations, confesses, they would probably be of *no use!*—for (says he) "I have *forgot* to observe that these calculations imply a chain of observations (physical, astronomical, &c.) to be made during *thousands of ages!* and who knows, but before we attain to this grand result, that *our world* will not be in a *state of dissolution?*"

Afterwards he exclaims, "nothing becomes anni-

ton-hole, which the Aurelian carries about with him, to stick his game. Aurelians, like so many cupids, are ever armed with a *quiver* full of—pins! They sigh for a *bow* to shoot their arrows! Whenever this art shall be discovered, Aurelians, like a bevy of rosy cupids, will be seen in our fields, *shooting at butterflies with pins!*

hilated in nature! when our globe shall be in ruins, it will only be, to produce *a new earth!*

LA PHILOSOPHIE DE LA NATURE, *vol.* i. *p.* 347.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A man of my kidney!—think of that; that am as subject to HEAT as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw! it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation!—

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

A HUNT, IN WHICH MY UNCLE PROVES TO BE THE GAME!

EMERGED from their ditch, the first object that struck their fancy was the same vacillating butterfly. This enamelled child of spring, fluttering with coquettish playfulness, hovered above their heads—they stopt in breathless rapture! Again it gaily wantoned before their eyes—they trotted—they halted—they scampered—pursuing in a spi-

The Hunter caught & the escape of the Emperor.

rited chase! At length their game became more interesting; another butterfly united with their old tormentor; dancing in the same gyrations, and dropping together on the same flower! a double victory! Our hunters, entranced in visionary hope, softly unfurled their gauze flappers; silently they trod, as if shod in velvet! My Uncle was too curious, and the Swede too impatient! Jacob bent his head over the conjugal pair, more intent to pry on, than like another Vulcan, to throw his net over the volatile lovers. He well knew how delicate is their organization; how they breathe away their souls in a caress; scatter their tremulous wings in their tenderness; and often leave their little lives in their loves! At that golden moment the Swede clapt his flapper, and caught—my Uncle's head! for the butterflies were a quarter of a mile above it!

Provoking! a head that deserved to be

laureated, was now struck with bits of a butterfly-flapper! These cross accidents occur to the members of the Aurelian Society! These are the little calamities of science that vex the gravest of them all!

"Never will I again break my oath!" swore the lusty Swede, wiping away the round drops of perspiration. He opened the immense gulph of his mouth for a fresh breeze, and rubbed down the dome of his head—"I had sworn not to hunt in the dog-days!"

"Alas!" piteously exclaimed my Uncle—"heat, and thirst, and exhaustion, plashy ditches and burning heaths, are the lot of every entomologist! Yet is it for us to murmur, who hunt no red ants in Africa? who travel not in craters, and who scale no volcanoes! By heavens, all this is but children's play!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Caught by the chemic mania raging round
The votaries of the crucible abound;
The moles of science, who her soil explore,
And buried deep in matter's darkness, pore.
SHEE's Rhymes on Art, p. xi. v. 68.

A DUEL DESCRIBED BETWEEN NATURE AND A CHEMIST—OF THE THREATS OF THE LATTER AGAINST THE FORMER—AND HOW THE CHEMIST FINALLY TRIUMPHS.

In CHEMISTRY many a duel occurred between my *Uncle* and *Nature!* He so incarcerated her in retorts, soured her into acids, burnt her to alkalies, fevered her in furnaces, and refrigerated her in air-pumps; that the venerable matron, so miserably handled, af-

ter an alarming struggle of self-defence, griping, singeing, and otherwise frightening my Uncle out of his senses, became at length *quietly decomposed*, and any thing he chose to force her to ! I take a chemical experiment frequently to be a conjuror's trick of making *Nature* herself *unnatural !*

While my Uncle was thus hazarding his precious breath, and what was not less precious to me his nephew, his estate, in working at Nature upwards and downwards, by analysis and synthesis—the oddest notions occurred to him, and occasioned some misconceptions in our family.

Experimenting by his *one candle*, he affirmed that it had rays of light that gave no heat, and rays of heat that gave no light.—I having innocently communicated this discovery to our house-keeper, there arose a squabble between her and its maker! My Uncle was by no means positive respecting the *charac-*

teristic property of *fire:* he said, "that it warms and heats bodies, is a very *ambiguous criterion!*" And having mentioned his expectation, that he should be able to warm the whole ROYAL INSTITUTION, with the *refined smoke* extracted from a *bushel of coals*, our high-spirited coal-merchant immediately refused to serve a philosophical family, who spread reports so disadvantageous to the trade. We led a miserable life with his daily discoveries in unlucky chemistry. I thought my Uncle was on the point, as our to be celebrated cook-maid expressed it, of quarrelling with his bread and butter! for we conceived he might discover some danger in that *combination!* Seized with a notion that spring water has a solvent power, coming in contact with lead, he calculated how much poison of lead it might dissolve in a century! Looking into our cistern, he took fright at it! At every small irregularity in the bowels of our nume-

rous family, he calculated the invisible particles of lead in our water, and at length finished his alarming calculation, by threatening us with the cholic of Poitou*! He maddened us with his new discoveries of finding oil in iron, and flint in straw; and there was no eating a boiled egg in our house, without he, and the Swede, coming to words, about why an egg, discoloured a silver spoon†!

But it was his monstrous ideas of HEAT and COLD which none of us could bear!

In Summer he stifled us with a description of HEAT four times greater than summer-

* See Dr. LAMBE's Researches on Spring Water. He paints with the gloomy and ideal pencil of Spagnolette, and terrifies a poor water-drinker! The Thames and New River water may gradually poison all the inhabitants of London and Westminster; but our *cisterns*, he suspects to be productive of *infinitely greater mischief! p.* 90. I believe the Doctor looks in horror on a *full-charged* tumbler of water!

† Recent discoveries painfully effected; who can appreciate the value of such?

heat, in " which all the juices of plants and animals, and mineral particles, could be raised up in vapour and exhalation!" And in winter, he gave us an *idea* of COLD, by which " all the water on the earth could be changed into a solid transparent stone, which might be employed in buildings, while the whole atmosphere would be in a solid state*!" Though I hope from my soul these are only chimeras of his own raising, which can never happen to us in the natural course of weather, still our family were half afraid at my Uncle's reasonings and calculations about intolerable cold and heat!

But when he succeeded in *freezing mercury*, fifty-six pounds into a solid mass!—what a bustle it made at the Royal Society! He and his friends were so eager to catch at morsels of the solid mercury when it fell into pieces, that, like children who thrust their

* See Chemical Essays, *vol.* i. *p.* 403.

fingers on the hot bars of a grate, all shrieked and swore the frozen mercury was as hot as a burning coal *.

* I refer the curious reader to a very amusing account of "the freezing of mercury by artificial cold," performed by the London Philosophical Society, in *Phil. Mag. vol.* iii, *p.* 81.

It was done in a bladder, which when cut, "the eagerness" of all the London Philosophical Society "was past description." "Forgetting (perhaps they were totally ignorant of) the consequences, some rushed their hands into the frigorific mixture," others, "having selected with their eyes" (it was soon, however, their hands) "they grasped them harder than they ever did any thing before!" Then followed a terrific scene. "Some clapt their hands into their mouths, others shook them, blew on them, or rubbed them against their clothes!" Poor members of the London Philosophical Society! Worse fared ye, than had ye all been at our club at the Cat and Fiddle! for afterwards—this intense *freezing* turned to "burning and scalding." "A gentleman who accidentally came in," screamed that the *mercury did not freeze*, "'Twas a red-hot coal!"

After all, it is not clear to me (but I own I am no Philo!) whether or not what chemists call "the *freezing* of mercury" may not be just the reverse, "the *heating* of mercury." If so, the whole chemical world, from Fourcroy to Cavendish, are all in

At length Jacob broached an opinion, that all the elements of nature might easily be confounded.—He affirmed that all the elements may be changed into each other, and water become air; air fire, &c *.—Was it possible to live with any comfort in our family, with such desolating notions perpetually running in our heads!

At length he took it into his head that he was—a fit of impiety that I flatter myself he repented on his death-bed—nothing less than a *Creator*, and one who shared in the prerogatives of the Supreme Being †!

the wrong! And I am pretty positive in my conjecture! for no one can ever persuade a sensible man that when he actually *burns*, he is *frozen!*

RAG.

* This is Buffon's idea, as quoted in the Chemical Essays.

† CHAPTAL the great Philo of chemistry, closes his preface, after a review of the miracles his unhallowed hand is to work, by saying, "In this last point of view, *man* becomes a *Creator*, and appears

After all, my Uncle's chemical discoveries are gone off with his *phlogiston!* a thing which having been fought hard for, for ten years, it is at length *discovered*, that no such thing *ever did, or can exist!*

to partake with the SUPREME BEING in the *most eminent* of his *prerogatives!*"

I must confess I blame my Uncle, who with his cracked retorts, whizzing air-pumps, and cloudy gases, took on him to describe how the creation was formed! Bishop WATSON cautiously observes on chemical elements, that "the great diversity of sentiments of the ancient and modern philosophers suggest a *suspicion* that their *full comprehension*, falls not within their reach of the human understanding."

Chemical Essays, vol. i. *p.* 12.

After this very declaration the Bishop himself attempts to account for the creation itself!

Dr. HUTTON in his "Theory of the Earth," *vol.* i. *p.* 261. censures those who "judge of the great operations of the mineral kingdom, from having *kindled a fire, and looked into the bottom of a little crucible.*" He conceives, that the operations of nature are performed on so great a scale, compared to that of *our experiments*, that no inference can be drawn from the one, to the other!

CHAPTER XXXV.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro seculorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nóva progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

VIRGIL.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.

DRYDEN.

THE GOLDEN AGE! AT PRESENT CONSISTING OF GERMAN SUBSTITUTES!—HOW TO WASH A BLACKAMOOR WHITE—WITH AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING BEEN IN HEAVEN!

DOCTOR INNOCENZO DELLA LENA, born in Lucca, residing at Berlin, practising at Venice, lodging in London, titling himself neither fellow, nor member, of any academy,—lately discovered what I humbly

conceive may be placed among the numerous important discoveries of this great age of science—and the Doctor himself be matched among his rivals in philosophy—" a fixed phlogistic earth ; an universal remedy or incomparable specific for every distemper incident to the human frame." All great discoveries appear simple when at length, they are found out. The Doctor professes " to extinguish, by the application of this *earth*, all MOTION that is *contrary to sound health*." So that we are to infer that the Doctor knows what no one else does—how to produce the *perpetual motion !*

With this universal remedy, he did not care to cure acute and chronical complaints in Lucca, Berlin, and Venice—but was willing to bestow it on those who had souls in their bodies and guineas in their pockets—so he arrived safe in London !

Immediately he submitted " a succinct

Memorandum to the Royal Society!" but the President, though it was handed to him "by a person of the first distinction in the state," (no doubt a lover of the perpetual motion!) declined having any concerns with the universal remedy—and suspected some joke on the Newtonian system.

Then he obligingly offered it to the President of the Medical Society, who received our Paracelsus with exemplary politeness; but perceiving no fee forthcoming, was suddenly seized by a strange deafness, and defied the incomparable specific to put his *tympanum* in *proper motion*.

At length he obtained a personal interview with the Secretary, but who was more cautious than credulous—for he had in the adjoining room two brother physicians! The illustrious Della Lena offered to leave with him some of his "phlogistic earth," to apply to nearly a dead patient, and this was

as good as a demonstration of a demonstration!

The Secretary stepped into the next room —the crafty Italian humiliated his ear close to the key-hole! what a situation for the discoverer of an universal remedy; for a man who ought to have a colossal statue raised to him in every city!

Unfortunately for the feelings of this benefactor of the human race, he had made such progress in the English language, that he understood *three words* from the three physicians—which, like magic, put an end to the whole affair, by putting Doctor Della Lena in a furious passion.

He declares that though then but little acquainted with the language, he overheard and distinctly understood that the *principal part* of the reply of the two doctors to the one doctor (I suspect, however, all three—) was

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

Now I ask the philosophical world if, when a great man starts up with discoveries equally miraculous as this "phlogistic earth" of Dr. Della Lena's, does it not greatly injure the advancement of all true science, to turn on the great inventors, and divide among them, these three unlucky exclamations? If Dr. Della Lena be a quack, then I affirm there is also quackery in science, in literature, and the fine arts!

Even my Uncle was denominated a quack by such vilifying observers as our curate; particularly when my Uncle did the commonest things of life, according to *the latest discoveries;* this, indeed, did not hinder him frequently from doing the commonest things, uncommonly wrong. He filled us up with a notion, that an eventful æra was approaching! We were to have silver saucepans, and golden kettles; all our kitchen utensils, now poisoning us by their oxyds of copper, lead,

and iron, which unperceivably we swallow with our food, shall be done away with, and life be hence prolonged—as erst, when a man became a heir at law, after passing through a century of youth*!

* One of the great chemists, Dr. GIRTANNER, of Gottingen, is reviving, in this age, the vain and useless hope of *making gold*, which, were it discovered, would be the greatest political calamity inflicted on the present state of society; for if gold were as common as pewter, what could be substituted, as ADAM SMITH would inquire, for the *circulating medium?* Dr. GIRTANNER exultingly tells us, we should have no circulating medium, but every soul of us, the muscular Porter and the delicate Sybarite, the corpulent Epicurean and the attenuated Student—must all march at the plough-tail, and pursue no other plan of existence, but mere animal labour and animal appetite; society will be disorganized, and the murderous CAINS again triumph over the meek ABELS! I am fearful that our philosophy will teach us, yet, to walk retrograde, and on all fours!

"In the 19th century" (says Dr. GIRTANNER) "the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every CHEMIST, every ARTIST, *will make* GOLD; *kitchen utensils* will be of

Notwithstanding these grand promises of my Uncle, and the nineteenth century had

SILVER, and even GOLD—which will contribute more than any thing else to *prolong life*, poisoned at present by the oxyds of copper, lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food. There will then be no other riches than *natural riches;* the productions of the soil; artificial riches, such as gold, silver, and paper-money, will vanish in the hands of those who have accumulated them. *What a revolution in society!* Every enlightened chemist will agree with me, that this revolution is not only probable, *but at no great distance!!!*"

Phil. Mag. vol. vi. *p.* 353.

The notion of an *elixir* to prolong human life at pleasure, is not too extravagant a fiction for a modern chemist, no more than it was for the ancient alchymist. Since Dr. GIRTANNER speaks so confidently of the art of *making gold*, he, probably, would admire Dr. DELLA LENA's *specific;* nay, a great chemist hinted to me, that both these discoveries were intimately connected, and would make their appearance about the same time. Even from Professor DAVY I gather some vague promise about *dead matter!* For though he acknowledges that at present "we are unacquainted with the *composition* of *dead organized matter;*" he does not conclude that, therefore, we are to remain long so

already commenced, I own he dashed our hopes by his *economical philosophy and Ger-*

provokingly ignorant!—" We are only deficient at present in *new instruments of experiment and new modes of research,* all which must be found before we can ascertain even our *capabilities* of *discovering* the LAWS OF LIFE!"

H. DAVY's *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, p.* 450.

Very cautious! but I believe Dr. DELLA LENA has found them!

I have been much entertained by Mr. PARKINSON. He informs me that the chemical world are pretty positive that " every animal body, when *deprived of life,* only suffers a gradual *decomposition.*" The process he explains! As for the *disagreeable smell* a dead chemist emits, that only arises from " the disengagement of *ammoniacal gas.*" When the smell gets, at length, to be injurious, still it is only " the separation of *phosphuretted* and *carburetted hydrogen gas.*" Mr. P. then shews, that if we intend to prevent this process from taking place, we must avoid " heat, moisture, and the access of air," and recommends *salting, smoking,* &c.

CHEMICAL POCKET BOOK, *p.* 248.

Those who so well know every thing about the *process of death,* may soon arrive at another secret! and I dare say this discovery will shortly be made public.

man substitutes! we were on the point of having *gold* for the common use of the

In the mean while, I see no objection to *salting* and *smoking* a *chemist* to prevent his decomposition!

That miraculous chemist, HUMBOLDT, sends off dispatches to Paris and elsewhere, of *facts* which he says "have taken place within this *quarter of an hour!*"—and all relating to the "process of VITALITY!!"—he made the *heart* of a dead fish palpitate—the *thighs* of a frog dance—and instantly cries out, "*Who can boast of reviving the dead?*" a sly innuendo of himself! FOURCROY has some interesting observations on all these chemists, and half promises that he will make me lose a wager I have depending with my Uncle's creditors! I have betted them, no process will ever bring my Uncle to life: however, hear FOURCROY! "I think Mr. HUMBOLDT proceeds with rather *too much expedition* in his solutions. He may find it necessary to *retract*. I am apprehensive he admits *too many hypotheses*.—"Messrs. GIRTANNER and VALLI appear to me to make an ill use of their knowledge in this respect! Too much earnestness may be pernicious to chemistry, &c."

"I cannot repeat how many new ideas and chemical explanations have occurred to me during several years, in my researches into the animal analysis! I moderate the enthusiasm of my pupils as

kitchen, and yet we were actually living as if we had all been at the workhouse! What

much as I can;" he adds, "lest all should be dissipated in smoke!"

NICHOLSON'S *Journal, vol.* i. *p.* 362.

Dr. FRANKLIN, whose little works delight by their enviable simplicity of style, was too sanguine in philosophical matters. In some observations "On the prevailing Doctrines of Life and Death," he has laid great stress on some very suspicious facts;—he tells a story of *three flies* found drowned in Madeira wine! by exposing them to the sun, he gradually restored two to *life!* This strange fact he boldly carries into a new theory. "If any animal could be kept in a torpid state, there would be no continual waste of their substance by perspiration: and he wishes a method could be discovered of embalming drowned persons so that they might be recalled to life, at any period, however distant. He would prefer to an ordinary death, that himself and a few friends should be immersed *in a cask of Madeira,* to be recalled to life, by the solar warmth in America, a hundred years hence. But he laments, that "in all probability *we live in an age too early, and too near the infancy of science,* to see such an art," &c.

Strange as this fact is, great stress has been laid on it by several philosophers; and, it seems, the Doctor himself had an idea of such a resuscitation

a thing is modern philosophy! It promises gold, and gives us soup squeezed out of bones*!

My Uncle next attempted to controvert a

being one day practicable! However, Mr. JOHN GOUGH has written a very grave and elaborate Essay on Dr. FRANKLIN's *three flies* in Madeira! and, I am sorry to add, too clearly proves, that the Doctor must have mistaken three John Bulls, for three Philadelphians! he insists that these *three flies* had not expatriated from America! that these wine-bibbers stole in, unobserved by the philosopher, through the funnel; so common a circumstance as this, overturns a new theory of an *immortal state on earth!*

I refer the reader to Mr. JOHN GOUGH's painful experiments and curious calculations, how long it takes to *make a fly dead drunk.*

NICHOLSON' *Journal of Natural Philosophy, vol.* ii. *p.* 353. 4*to.*

* In the attempt to introduce into this free country of the sirloin, these *German substitutes,* we have been told that roasted acorns would serve for coffee; sloe leaves make curious green tea; fine loaf sugar might be extracted from beet-root; from carrots we ought to distil cogniac; and horse-chesnuts have been recommended for bark!

most ancient proverb, with which WILMOT often jeered him — of the impossibility of *washing a blackamoor white* !*—inferring, that my Uncle would always be my Uncle!

We had in our family an honest Negro, who for more than ten years had been known throughout our neighbourhood—as a black man. My Uncle desired him to look at his own opaque body, and tell him what he thought he was?

"A man!"—firmly replied Cæsar—"a man of colour," he added, in an humiliated tone.

"All this I deny!" said Jacob, "I see

* Dr. BEDDOES astonished all green and philosophical amateurs, with his account of his having turned a *black man, white!* with oxygenated muriatic acid; but the philosophical bubble burst in less than a month!—the *epidermis* had been slightly affected, without injuring the *rete mucosum*.—The whole affair ended, by all the town considering the chemist, not as a philosopher, but a conjuror!

no difference between thee and the ape! and as for colour thou hast none! Black in philosophy being the absence of all colour!"

The black sagaciously observed—"Not all your philosophers call me an ape—I have heard from you that the FIRST MAN was a BLACK* !"

* "The late Mr. JOHN HUNTER was of opinion, that the HUMAN SPECIES were originally BLACK! because many black animals will breed white ones accidentally, but no white ones breed black ones. He said the original breed of TURKIES, from the continent of Europe, and those from the continent of America, though very different birds, were all BLACK. Black rats and mice will sometimes breed white ones; white African negroes have been born of black parents; but no black children, he said, were ever the produce of European parents."

WHITE's *Regular Gradation in Man, p.* 100.

"The striking resemblance between the race of MONKIES and BLACKS, particularly upon a superficial view, has induced some philosophers to conjecture, that the race of BLACKS originated from the commerce of the WHITES with OURANGS and PONGOS, or that these MONSTERS, by *gradual improvement*, finally become MEN!"

CAMPER's *Works, p.* 33.

My Uncle offered to make Cæsar look like a christian; but the other asserted, that it had already been done by clean water in the usual way.—My Uncle then tartly replied, that he knew nothing of water in the usual way; that uninflammable fluid, without taste, smell, or colour! Not by hydrogen and oxygen, he proposed, to vex WILMOT, with his insolent old saw! When Cæsar understood he was to be bleached, he stood out with strenuous obstinacy for the honour of Saint Domingo; but his patriotism was softened into corruption by that yellow metal,

Whether GOD has made the *Negro black*, has even been doubted by other Philos, who move in a contrary system than JOHN HUNTER's. A German naturalist insists, that *all men* are WHITE!—and to drive away the whole continent of Africa before the eyes of his system, he boldly conjectures, that "*the Negro colour is owing to an ancient custom in Africa of dyeing the skin black!*"

LORD KAIMES's *History of Man, vol.* i. *p.* 29.

which, with such facility, can convert *black* into *white!*

My Uncle confounded us all: we wanted language to distinguish the Negro; for he really triumphed over WILMOT and his old proverb—the black was a white man!

WILMOT immediately applied a line from Horace—

"HIC NIGER EST; *hunc tu Romane caveto!*"

which he thus translated,

Be cautious friend! that WHITE MAN is—a BLACK!

But he did not stop at applying a quotation at my Uncle—he attacked my Uncle from the pulpit! He preached against that vanity of all vanities—my Uncle's chemistry! declared the whole affair to be an atheistical attempt to confound created things; and that to whiten a black man was the same—as giving God the lie!

My Uncle was frightened out of his wits—

the Moravians, the Swendenburghians, the Rosycrucians, were all throwing stones at my Uncle and Cæsar! Oh that these zealous missionaries had had but a little patience! In less than a month the old proverb resumed its full force; Cæsar reverted to nature, as black as his hat!

Not satisfied with gold-making, and washing blackamoors white, I must now make an apology for having signed an affidavit, that we had all been in heaven! But other persons of greater genius and nicer honour than ourselves were concerned! I swore hard to oblige my Uncle!

We respired the gaseous oxide of azote; and this was followed by a too memorable scene*.

* A full account of this experiment is preserved in NICHOLSON's *Journal, vol.* iii. *p.* 446, with the names and *peculiar feelings* and grotesque attitudes of the scientific affidavit-men. A poetess grew very faint and sick; she was promised the next time to have "the pleasure without the faintness." A poet

What do you think this much-noised GAS turns out to be? Nothing more than *philosophical brandy!* We did not resemble philosophers so much, as tipsy Hottentots at a kraal. I appeal to all charitable cogniac-bibbers and metaphysicians, whether a man does not lose his personal identity over a brandy-bottle*?

described the whole as a passage to Heaven, "highly pleasurable, with a *peculiar thrilling*, and that the CELESTIAL ATMOSPHERE *is nothing more than the* GAS *itself!!!*" Dr. BEDDOES spoils the rapturous narrative with a ludicrous image, that he was bathed all over with a BUCKET-FULL OF GOOD-HUMOUR! and declares, that since he inhaled it, "his *morning alertness* equals that of a *healthy boy!*" This must excite great hopes in the dry old batchelors of Clifton, who after "a youth of folly" there find "an old age of cards." I have read of an old alchymist who cut the *throat of his cock* to prove that he could set him on his legs again; and this gave rise to a deal of controversy! But this is not all; the Doctor thinks, that "a good deal of this GAS *might make us wholly dispense with* SLEEP!"

* Dr. BEDDOES tells us, that he took a large dose before an *excellent judge* of the *phenomena of intoxication*, who, on observing him *attentively* for

What exalted promises my Uncle held out to the world on this occasion! I thought *Sir Kenelm Digby* was returning with his *sym-*

some time, exclaimed, "*Why your eyes twinkle as if you were drunk—You are certainly drunk!*" The Doctor, however, doubts it, notwithstanding the opinion of the *excellent judge of the phenomena of intoxication!* TAG.

That this much-noised GAS, is philosophical *brandy*, and nothing more, I quote Mr. PICTET, whose *voyage de trois mois*, is a precious piece of *philoism*; the union of wild science with whimpering sentimentality, has a right touch of the ludicrous! He says, *p.* 23—that they had not succeeded at Geneva, in their attempts to inhale the gaseous oxyd—we only reached so far as to give ourselves *vertigoes*! and not one of those singular sensations Dr. BEDDOES mentions. He then gives a minute narrative of the effects of the GAS on a number of amateurs, and classes them into the *quiet*, and the *active*!

Professor D—Y soon became pale, with purple lips, and, after a small convulsion, started up in an ecstasy, flung away the bladder which held the gas, and, hurry-scurry, raced about the room, laughing so heartily, that universal laughter followed. He stamped, shook his arms, and gave himself every possible kind of muscular action. The professor, as-

pathetic powder of post!—that *Descartes* was uncorking his *elixir of life!*—that *Paracelsus* was come again with my Uncle's *gas* poured

in all his studies, displayed his extraordinary genius—but was he serious all the while?

Another fell into a chair, there stiffened into an ecstasy, raised his eyes to heaven, and continued to hold his nose in the most grotesque attitude! He was of the quiet class! Dr. W—N was of the same class; he sat it out very gravely, most solemnly motioning his hands backwards and forwards during his paroxysm of languor; he sat like Banquo's ghost, while all the amateurs were laughing, (says Mr. PICTET). Count RUMFORD, although he took as greedily of the gas as any one, could not overcome his phlegmatic disposition; and fell asleep! Mr. PICTET himself declares, "My head appeared to be thrice as big as it usually is; I only perceived objects through a mist; I believed I had quitted this world and was floating in the empyreum. I recollect, however, a faint idea that charmed me, it was, that Count RUMFORD was beside me!"—*p.* 29.

However, it is possible some of them do not feel all the strange sensations they pretend; for Mr. PICTET candidly informs us, that when he administered *common air* to a young lady, and called it the *gaseous oxyd*, she fell into an hysteric! How much the *imagination* affects the amateurs of this new gas,

warm upon the *primum ens!* to moult an old hen, freshen her feathers, and triplicate her eggs; mollify the ossifying cartilages of a stiff-rumped dowager, and give such a rejuvenescence to a grey-haired Philo, that he might once more have a game at blind-man's-buff, play at push-pin, or mount his rocking-horse!

I cannot tell; and whether many of them do not play tricks with their friends, under the veil of philosophy?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Rank, sex, and age possessed beyond belief,
To physics fly, and FUSCUS for relief;
Who like a nursing mother at command,
With soup and science, suckles all the land!

SHEE's *Rhymes on Art.*

THE ANTI-SUBLIME IN SCIENCE WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS!

My Uncle was blest with a peculiar genius for what may be termed the ANTI-SUBLIME in science, it consists of turning the GREAT into the LITTLE; it is a new art of invention, pregnant with a thousand discoveries, in which Lord BACON appears to have been rarely an adept!

My Uncle most gloriously, with this new philosophy, pursued NATURE into the KIT-

CHEN! To discover her secrets, FONTENELLE pleasantly represents the idea, by that of *catching Nature in the fact!* Now to catch Nature in the fact, among her smoke-jacks, her soup-kettles, and her patty-pans, introduced my Uncle to a more familiar acquaintance with the *genius* of our cook-maid, and bred perpetual jealousies between the anti-philosophical kitchen, and the philosophical parlour.

Take some beautiful instances of what is called popular philosophy, which, however, has seldom been much admired by the best judges—the populace themselves! FRANKLIN (an experimentalist of the obsolete school) exulted in drawing down *fire from heaven*, my Uncle prided himself, in *sending the smoke there!*—by curing chimnies. Inspecting once an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, like another Pliny, he peeped into a *crater*, and instantly caught the idea of his *patent*

Dutch oven, or *great roaster!* It was at the siege of a town in Flanders that he acquired the useful hint of *eating a hot hasty-pudding* by gradual approaches, circumventing the out-work, and storming the parapet*. When

* These are his words—"The HASTY-PUDDING being spread out equally on a plate while hot, an *excavation* is made in the middle of it with *a spoon*, into which *excavation* a piece of butter as large as a nutmeg is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, &c. The butter being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar and forms a sauce, which being *confined in the excavation*, occupies the *middle of the plate!*"

Thus for the array—now for the battle!

"Dip each *spoonful* in the *sauce, before it is carried to the* MOUTH, *care* being had *in taking it up* to *begin on the outside*, and near the BRIM OF THE PLATE, and to APPROACH the CENTRE by GRADUAL ADVANCES, in order not to DEMOLISH too soon the EXCAVATION which forms the RESERVOIR of the *sauce!*"

Essays Philosophical, by Count RUMFORD, *vol.* i. *p.* 254.

The preceding acount is literally given, and is so accurately detailed, that I myself taught *my Uncle's*

a certain *new science* was discovered, which, as my Uncle declared, was to make the dead, alive once more! with him good innocent man! it all ended in making philosophical discoveries, why his *porter* tasted brisker in the *pot*, and what *snuff-box* made his snuff more lively *. Finally, did not he and a pair of Philos, with no common intrepidity, *inclose themselves in a heated oven*, and there endure much heroical perspiration† !

monkey the *gradual advances*, but, weary of *a siege in form*, he at length took it by a *coup de main*.

* Professor ROBISON insists that drinking porter out of a *pewter pot*, produces a galvanic effect; and that snuff taken out of a *metallic snuff-box*, excites a more agreeable sensation.—See his curious reasons in WILKINSON's Elements of Galvanism, *vol.* ii, *page* 322.

† This adventure has lately been perpetuated in the *Philosophical Transactions*. What could possibly be intended by it, but to demonstrate how long it would take to *bake a true Philo ?*—They whined and shrieked in the oven like boiled lobsters; for one who had a black face has since found it has turned red; and another has retained a *burnt smell*, and is

He cultivated what they call "the Science of Nutrition*," a profound science which consists in eating very little in a great deal of time! the juices of an ounce of meat, masticating a mouthful for half an hour, will nourish a philosopher, as meagre as a mathematical figure! My Uncle considered mastication as a science to be acquired, and as being very contrary to a gift of nature. He thought we might succeed by introducing a piece of music at dinner, *adagio*, and beat time with our jaws. Several times we performed various experiments in the art of slow-eating, and in the most melancholy

supposed to have had some part of him converted into what chemists call an *empyreumatic acid!* They assure us, the whole was designed to inform the too curious part of mankind, how many degrees of heat a human body can bear; but they were not salamanders!

* See Count RUMFORD's Philosophical Esssay "on the Pleasures of Eating," *vol.* i. *p.* 206.

penseroso style possible. On these occasions, we were certainly satisfied with less meat; not that such slow eating filled our stomachs, but that it tired our jaws!

In these wild plans of œconomical philosophy, the family were much alarmed at a hint my Uncle threw out in a year of scarcity, that EARTH, burnt crisp and moistened, might nourish a christian soul; he pretended it had an *affinity* with our *stomachs* !*

* Citizen HUMBOLDT assures us, that he had seen the Otomaqua Indians eat EARTH, a pound and a half of it per day! He has the candour to be astonished that they are so robust! and still candidly owns, that "EARTH produces a very pernicious effect on children." But the chemist could not finish without proclaiming the great triumph by which CHEMISTY is daily insulting its chained prisoner—poor NATURE!

Citizen HUMBOLDT writes to Citizen FOURCROY thus—"My own *experiments on* EARTHS, and their properties, however, give me *reason to suspect* that they may be NOURISHING; that is to say, they may *act by affinities!*"

What the earth-eating citizen means by the last

My Uncle, persevering in his kitchen-philosophy, encountered an open enemy in our cook MARGARET. My Uncle began to

sentence, veiled in the sacred jargon of modern chemistry, alas! I am too ignorant to explain—but I know something! The Otomaqua Indians have *discovered* this action of affinities, which the chemist only conjectures at. In a word, when they *eat earth,* they always first rub it well with *the fat of the tails of crocodiles!* And this, I take it, is the only *affinity* EARTH-EATING can have with a man's stomach!

HUMBOLDT's genius has reached our country.—Mr. *Thomas Foden,* of Coventry, in 1800, discovered that *plaster of Paris* is excellent for *bread;* and Mr. *Peele,* a Member of the House of Commons, there announced all its whiteness, sweetness, and other chalky nourishment!

" Astounded, see the Senate taught by PEELE,
How men, like calves, on luscious chalk may meal!"

MILLENNIUM, *canto* ii. *v.* 308.

Such philosophers may chuse to recommend " a slice of bread made of *saw dust* and *fish bones,* which is the common food among the Kamtschadales, dipped, if they have no honey at hand, into a pan of *seal oil*

theorise in the kitchen concerning " the management of fire, and the œconomy of fuel." He accurately calculated the loss in the ascent of her smoke ; but she, instigated by the devil, or the coal-merchant, widened still more her range, and swore they should all be more comfortable in the kitchen, than in the parlour ! There, indeed, my Uncle had levelled the fire-stoves to the ground, and on a keen frosty day have we sat by a philosophical fire side with blue lips and red noses, blowing at our fingers. Our cook pertly asked my Uncle, when she saw these low fire-places, whether he thought that mankind were created to have *only their toes well warmed ?*

He had, in the course of years, discovered one thing in philosophy, which at length he gave the world. It is, that a fowl is roasted by a compound motion of the revolutions of the spit, and the intensity of the fire ; then

multiplying the mass of the roasted fowl by the velocity of the spit, he found out the real heat, contained in a peck of coals! He also gave us, the philosophical history of soups, from the infancy of society, ere kitchens had kitchen-ranges—perhaps ere the invention of kitchens themselves*! He wished to have

* A modern sage does this with exquisite erudition! he pushes on his researches to *Arcadian times*, proving, that *they* had the *best soups!* He has discovered what I own has often puzzled me to resolve, and I dare say would any Frenchman—why the Gauls are so fond of soups?

"May not the prevalence of the custom of eating soup in France be ascribed to the open chimney fire-places, and wood fires, which have ever been common in that country?

"It is certain, that in the *infancy of society*, before the arts had made any considerable progress, families cooked their victuals by the *same fire which warmed them.* KITCHENS *then, were not known!* and the utensils used in cooking were extremely simple, an earthen pot *perhaps* set down before the fire! With such an apparatus, SOUPS *of the very best qualities* would naturally be produced."

RUMFORD'S *Essays.*

his kitchen without *smoke* and *smell;* but our cook refused to live in so dismal a kitchen. At length it came to such a pitch, as one may say, that she threw *Papin's digester* at my Uncle's head, and all the house applauded her, for we abhorred bone soups. She would (for she was phrenetic when poetically disposed) have pinned a *dish-clout* on Count RUMFORD's *electoral star*, had that great man honoured our kitchen with his presence. She openly jeered my Uncle about his *uncharitable soups* (as she called his liberal donations) swearing they cost him little more than the water; and bantered him concerning "the small expence at which the Bavarian soldiers are fed."—It was a system of philosophy, she asserted, which might do well enough for a beggarly electorate and its puling soldiers, but not for British cooks and British heroes!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

HORACE.

LEARNED and UNLEARNED all lust to rhyme and print!

A POETICAL COOK—EULOGIUM ON COOKERY BY A CRITIC, BUT NOT ON CRITICISM, BY A COOK!

"'Tis a most serious affair! 'twill madden CONTOUR!"—cried my Uncle, solemnly remonstrating with our cook Margaret—"to convert *Homer's bust* into a *jack-weight?*"

This provoking circumstance immediately conjured up all the dead and dying delinquencies of unfortunate Margaret! so acts that great necromancer, the SPIRIT OF CON-

TRADICITON, in all family disputes; one trifling difference revives a hundred that were to all appearance gone out of this world, till their ghosts come parading round and round us!

Homer's head turned to a jack-weight, associated in my Uncle's mind with the kitchen-range, which our cook's SPIRIT of CONTRADICTION had widened to my Uncle's œconomical eye to a volcanic magnitude, and with all that cookery, so richly spiced, and so costly prepared, that its antiphilosophical character made him at times eat no dinner at all, because his dinner was so delicious. Margaret made her cookery exquisite, merely to provoke her philosophical master.

"Art thou not," he exclaimed," a fat cook? When I look on those fleshy hands of thine I shudder for thy pastry! While I am relishing a fruit-tart, I may be swallowing

all thy animal jelly! Not a chemist but sickens at the thought of his cook!—I find in Athenæus, that a certain pastry-cook was celebrated for wrapping a piece of linen about his mouth, so that his flour was kept sweet from his breath; and put on a pair of kid gloves to knead his dough, so that no emanation could sweat in his paste. Margaret, I will have thee veiled and gloved!"

"Your intention, sir," (she replied, with dignity) "is not misunderstood—through my side you presume to attack the profession; it is not the cook, you would ridicule, but cookery itself! I wanted a jack-weight, and I bethought me, of that broken-nosed, one-eyed, earless, and certainly no head at all, which Mr. Contour chuses to call Homer's. As for the ancients, I have no very high conception, either of their poetry, or their cookery!"

"The ancients!"—exclaimed my Uncle,

while his eyes rolled in his head like two billiard balls—" How the devil camest thou to know there were any ancients at all ?"

" Don't I read Pope's Homer ? and, if I err not, I write Pope too !" cried the cook.

" Do you write ? Are you one of us ?" exclaimed Jacob in rapture.

" One of you !"—replied Margaret with hauteur ;—" I do not dabble in vile prose !"

" Hum !" cried my Uncle, drawling out that ejaculation—then sinking back in his studying chair, and drawing his philosophical cap over his eyes—pondering, he said with a low voice—" a poetical cook ! I can make something of this ! it will provoke Dick !—How long" (he continued, turning to Margaret) " have you been a composer in verse ?"

" I lisped in numbers," replied the cook.

" My dear woman, sit down !" (drawing an arm-chair for her)—" we have all arm-

chairs in the republic of letters, as they had among the forty French academicians, to prevent any chairs being thrown at one another's heads."

Margaret seemed already perched on the summit of the *cracked* mountain*. Seated in an arm-chair in the study of one of the most eminent of our literati, and placed by him on an *equality*, was a circumstance by which the person so raised, always infers a *superiority*.

* ——— BICIPITI Parnasso.

PERSIUS.

Which Dryden calls "CLEFT Parnassus." In the original, literally it is TWO-HEADED Parnassus; but I greatly approve of the more spirited CRACKED of our author. Such votaries as the present have very slight pretensions to *two heads*—they generally in ascending the mountain *lose the only one* which Nature has given them to such little purpose. A *tailor*, a *gardener*, a *carpenter*, &c. have all lost their *heads*, with the *proper use* of their *hands*.

BOBTAIL.

She fell a clapping with her hands, and at length exclaimed—" Will the poems of a cook be hot-pressed ?—Yes, sir, let me confess, if there is any *nature* in my poetry, it is the sole cause of all my blunders in the kitchen. If, sometimes, I have sooted your soups—"

" Margaret!" interrupted my Uncle, " confess no more ! You are not yet a Rousseau, to make your vile tricks the most charming story in the world ; but be tranquil, I have never looked too nicely into the *moral habits* of *literary women*, convinced that if a woman will write, she will not hesitate at any thing. Besides, *literary ladies* are the filthiest ; Lady M. W. MONTAGUE never changed her linen, but left it to change itself ; Madame DACIER, when she descended once a week from her *Galetas* to hold her *conversaziones*, was painted to her ears in ink ; and when I was last in town, I found

Mrs. ***, and Miss **, and Lady *, when they were all together, like a kennel of hounds! Don't feel humiliated in your character of *cook;* after all, what is a bookseller's, but a cook-shop?"

"I am a cook and a modern—some prejudiced minds may imbibe unfavourable impressions of my *profession**."

* Mr. NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD is extremely anxious (in a *confidential* letter which his patron *prints)* and most solemnly intreats, that not a hint might escape he was by *profession a tailor!* "I want you," (says he) "to exclude the word *tailor*. *Let there be no such word in the book!*" We admire a *poet* who gets his bread by *tailoring*, for it is the only chance he has of keeping a whole coat on his back! We are not without a *personal feeling*, in this too refined one of Mr. NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD!

TAG and RAG.

I do assure *Nathaniel*, my erudition prompts me to think highly of *tailors!* FULLER, indeed, says of the antiquary SPEED, that "he did a great deal, for what can we expect from a *tailor?*" But the same facetious biographer is more just elsewhere. He tells us of a *tailor*, who turned his needle into a

"You asperse the ancients unjustly, dear Margaret — they entertained very exalted notions of a cook. A good cook sold at Rome at the price of four talents, for which you might have had a dozen of philosophers. A great fricasseer among them declared, that if a cook had not at least some knowledge of the elements of the sciences, his cookery would never exceed mediocrity, which is as unsufferable in a kitchen, as in a bookseller's shop. Nay, one of them affirmed, that were it not for the art of seasoning ragouts, anthropophagy, or the old custom of one man eating another, would prevail, and we should prefer human, to butcher's meat. Even Seneca acknowledges there are two things

sword, and his thimble into a shield! the redoubtable Sir John Hawkwood! He went over to Italy, and sometimes fought for the Florentines against the Pisans, and occasionally for the Pisans against the Florentines. Victory was ever in the *skirts of the English tailor!*

BOBTAIL.

which a nation cannot subsist without, soldiers and cooks; *coquus, quam miles.*"

"Cookery,"—interrupted Margaret, tired of my Uncle's tediousness—"without all this curious erudition, must rank among the fine arts; it will ever deserve the gratitude of the human race. But I still affirm that *classical poetry* and *cookery* are generally not congenial to our feelings; that our reverence for them is too often an Eton-boy's taste, and smacks of the rod of Dr. PARR; for I affirm Nature is as much flesh to us as she was to the ancients."

"Your verse has a good chance," replied my Uncle, "for the world has so long been accustomed to carrion, that it has almost forgot the taste of sweet meat! The only thing you stand in need of, is a CRITIC!" he observed thoughtfully.

"He will come too late,"—replied Margaret—"my works are finished! besides, I

see no use in criticism! Criticism is nothing but cold sauce to a hot joint!"

"Alas!" groaned Jacob, "your original geniuses contemn what you do not understand. Criticism is a modification of genius itself; a fine criticism is a supplement to a fine composition. As the diamond can only be polished by its own powder, so genius is rendered more beautiful by exquisite criticism; 'tis the powder of genius!"

My Uncle overpersuaded our cook to let him write a preface and notes to her poems. Margaret blushed at the *puffs* and *egotisms* of my Uncle, who had made use of her, as the ancients did of a *rostrum*, to stand upon and attract listeners—but when she got to a second edition, she threw them out, gave warning to my Uncle, and ungratefully took her wages!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Une maitresse en l'air, et qui n'eut jamais vie !
LA METROMANIE.

A SONNETTEER CONFINED TO HIS BED!

DICK had lately kept a long absence from the Pleiades; we could not imagine the occasion; his sonnets went on as usual, never better! At length we imagined that DICK was displeased at my Uncle bringing forwards, as his rival, our cook!

But the fact was, DICK was confined to his bed by his sonnets! What an exquisite coquet is a sonnetteer's ideal mistress; she is usually an unknown lady, who, though she fills his

brain with *concetti*, is, however, a mistress without eyes, or nose, or lips, though she has all of them too, in all manner of ways!

Our bard often quitted Valchiusa, to visit a scornful Laura, in the fair person of a tallow-chandler's daughter; but the demon, who decrees the fates of versifying demoniacs, would have it, that though she was by no means unpoetical, her ear was more obdurate than DICK's own verse—she was of a different school! She complained that DICK's measureless measures, like so much unripened fruit, always affected her with stomach-pains; and that all his pretended simplicity was a perpetual barrel of flat small beer, and she preferred the brisker champaigne of his rivals. She fluctuated between the Ovid, who had written out all his love in January, and the Tibullus who echoed it back again six months afterwards.

The German drama had terrifically subli-

mated her feelings; and the recollection that she was only a tallow-chandler's daughter, was the very cause for which she persisted in feeling the passions of a princess. Leaning abstractedly over a hogshead of tallow, her dark dishevelled tresses waved in opposite directions, and a Muse (as she was) appeared to vulgar eyes, a Fury! Often over a heated copper was she dissolving in tender images; she threaded her sonnets and her wax-lights, and, rapt in harmonious numbers, counted out the spermaceti candles in languid heroics or rapid anacreontics.

Dick exulted in the rapid rumblings of his noisy blank verse.—"Ah!" cried she with a simper and a lisp, "you have no conception of the melody, and the mellowness, and the mellifluence of rhythm and rhime!—Fine poetry must be—"

"What?" eagerly inquired the poor devil, who was willing to write any kind of verse.

"It should be, sweet!—O delicious term

of modern criticism! SPENSER is *sweet*, Milton is *sweet*, Pope is *sweet*, Darwin is *sweet*; all great poets are *sweet!* Yes, sir, I like no poetry but what is

MELIMELI!"

"What the demon is that?" inquired DICK.

"If you look into Johnson's great spelling-book, you will learn, sir, that it is, the *syrup of quinces, preserved in honey*!*"

This discovery put DICK in despair! he moped at Valchiusa, and at length dispatched a sonnet to the Pleiades, which seemed to imply that he was laid up! He particularly described a heart-burn, an ague, and a brain-fever! CONTOUR again remonstrated with my Uncle, that he had no doubt DICK would fall a victim to the cook!

I was sent to pay the sonnetteer a visit of condolence, and a piteous sight he was!

It was noon, and though the bard was in

* See it however in ASH.

perfect health, I found him confined to his bed; he had had three strong attacks that morning, and was in his fourth sonnet. He grasped a night-cap not indecently soiled, and strongly perfumed with lavender water; on a small stool by his bedside, lay a heap of poetry, with a bason of cold gruel.

"DICK!" I asked, "how do you feel to-day?"

He smiled ineffably sweet, and in a mincing tone, rummaging all the while his papers, he replied, "You shall hear!" so he suddenly bolted upright in his bed, and most gracefully bowing his head, kissed his night-cap, stroked his hair down, and with a most bewitching look, addressed — a Sonnet to Hope—to one of the bed-posts!

I shook my head, and associating the obduracy of the post with his mistress's, I put him a little in a rage.

"If the tallow-chandler's daughter" (cried

he) "does not pull out her handkerchief in a certain place, in the third act in my imperial and domestic tragedy—I swear, let her be cautious! I will burn the exquisite sonnet—'To the Dimple on her little Finger'!"

"To tell you the truth," (I continued) "the PLEIADES, and more particularly CONTOUR, are shocked at this degrading pursuit for a tallow-chandler's daughter!"

At this DICK caught fire, and leaping out of bed, he furiously seized on what, I dreaded he designed to have flung at my head, but he only—dressed himself in great perturbation of spirits.

"I thought as much!" (cried he) "CONTOUR the dilettante to object to a tallow-chandler's daughter!—Pray," (continued he, tightening his small clothes) "who was Prior's Chloe?—a bar-maid! who was *la belle Ferroniere* of Francis I.?—a farrier's wife! CONTOUR to object! Who was Ra-

phael's Fornarina? a baker's daughter! A Cinderella has enchanted an Anacreon in his chambers in the Temple! Had KOTZEBUE painted the emotions of a tallow-chandler's daughter, he would have given her imperial passions. However, young gentleman! I have no quarrel with you. You are the most patient listener in this town; you take a pleasure in poetry; do you never put a little love into verse?"

I declared that I should confine my passion to prose.

"Poo! your Uncle can do that! Here's an elegy; a first introduction to a mistress. If you want it, you may have it; but it is no matter! it will do for me!"

Looking it over, he discovered that though the sense had finished, it wanted two lines and one rhime—so sitting down, he turned his back, shut his eyes, and plunged into an abyss!

To extricate myself from this dismal situation, I interrupted the rhyme-hunter, by some alarming intelligence.

" Dick, I have a message to deliver from the Pleiades; they insist upon another thousand!"

" In, or out?"—he inquired, starting from his reverie.

" Out! out!"—I firmly repeated.

" Strike me out another thousand!" he glumly exclaimed.—" My Epic consisted of 30,000 lines, and they have scratched me seven! 'Tis forcing one to bite one's own flesh! Away with your 'friendly criticism,' I suspect that my friends, are no friends of mine!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits!
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

HINTS FOR TRAVELLING.

I HOPE I have not intruded myself prominently on the eye of the reader—but I cannot refrain from recording in this true history, that my Uncle and myself had certain stubborn differences respecting my firm resolution of dying in my own bed and in my own parish. He ardently wished that I would commence some tourification, or at least some pedestrian tour, that I might publish a

book of travels! If I travelled in post-chaises, he offered to supply me with folio histories of the different places, and plenty of books, that I might compile in an original manner on the spot; or, if I preferred the more *sentimental* department of travelling, he liberally offered to provide me with stout shoes, and not indecent linen.

In respect to pedestrian tours, I remonstrated that I had weak thighs and small legs —but to remedy this defect, he advised rough-riding an old broken-winded post-horse, which would compel me to stretch out my limbs, bring them into full play, lengthening and strengthening them by sharp caracoles.

He declared there was no other mode for me to acquire any literary fame but by travelling; I had no ideas of my own, but I could write down whatever I saw and heard; a simple method, by which a man easily com-

pletes a handsome quarto. "You are," said he, "now come of age, and ought to have been, ere now, a member of the *Athenian Club*, consisting only of those gentlemen who have actually visited Athens, or at least can procure a friend to swear they have."

He wanted me to go to Africa by a new cut, and, by the bye, as Messieurs Park and Hornman advise, first to be circumcised, to discover a city there much larger than London and Paris, with a name travellers make proportionable to its magnitude, and to push on through the interior, where he thought I might discover ancient Carthage! to stop about thirty miles from the Cape of Good Hope, to examine a granite mountain," which Mr. Kirwan declared was "a primitive, or antediluvian mountain," and, as Mr. Kirwan informs us, contains "no organic remains;" he wished me to go to this antediluvian mountain at the Cape of Good Hope,

merely to try to give Mr. Kirwan the lie; but this I did not conceive to be civil.

At Alexandria there is a pillar with an illegible inscription; this he wished me to copy!

He insisted, now I had come of age, that I should go to Troy, to see if I could discover its scite; but, as I said, others have gone, and published very handsome books on the occasion, and they have had the pleasure of viewing—nothing! and to them be all the glory!

More particularly, he wished me at Bagdad, to observe Mercury nearer the Sun than can be seen in Europe, a pleasure, he declared, well worth going to Bagdad for! I objected, that BEAUCHAMP, the French astronomer, who went there solely for that fine sight, observed it perfectly at his ease, but perished by a long journey and a slow fever; and it was not worth my while, for the ho-

nour of getting my name inserted in the *Histoire Celeste* of LALANDE, to be thrown aside by some Arab, like a dead horse in a ditch!

I flatly refused, were I ever within a mile of the mosque which contains the tomb of the prophet Ali—to take a peep into it!—what could I expect to see there, but what any other mosque has to shew; fine carpets, plenty of lamps, and a couple of silver candlesticks! To have seen all this, must a man deem himself very fortunate in not being impaled*!

* Travellers in quarto must venture at discoveries which a Christian reader laments they made. A modern traveller, alone near the tomb of Ali, found, in a sultry day, the "bearded heroes," who guarded the mosque, asleep—"Stimulated by an irresistible, yet unpardonable curiosity," he walked into the mosque, at the risk of his *life!* One of the drowsy guards awakens! A scimeter is aimed at his breast! he flies; vollies of large stones pursue him, of which "for many days he bore the marks." Terror in his

But latterly, my Uncle raved with a new kind of philosophical travelling! He wished to inspire me with the intrepidity to become intimate with the most grotesque inhabitants of this earth! with Abbe Rochon's pigmies at Madagascar—with a Patagonian at the Streights of Magellan—with the Albinos or white negroes at the isthmus of Darien—and, in the burning deserts of Zanguebar, to study the habits of ourang outangs; but he was more particularly anxious, that I should pick up an acquaintance with the mermen who live in the ocean!—for he wished to

rear, under a brazen heaven, and on a burning desert, —he at length arrives scarcely alive at his friend's, who is astonished to see him with his head on his shoulders! However, this traveller adds, "I feel a *strange satisfaction* at having accomplished what most probably no European ever before attempted!"

Travels in Europe, Asia Minor, and Arabia, p. 373.

Had it been to have seen the prophet Ali himself, he could not have shewn a more intrepid curiosity. He just escaped Mahometanism—but he got stoned!

BOBTAIL.

know whether these amphibious gentlemen were *men* exactly like ourselves—excepting their *scales* and their *stupidity*, which he attributed merely to the element they live in. He had such a particular esteem for these mermen, that he loudly condemned our inhumanity in shewing them to the mob, for a penny a piece! He had no doubt that a merman, with CACONOUS by his side, might be made a very clever philo. The amphibious gentleman might then tell us, how long it took him to be a Triton? If he considers himself to be in a state of degradation? He would tell us if he were a batchelor or in the married state? He might teach us a new art of catching fish; and finally resolve one of those problems in nature which agitate GOBBO and CACONOUS, how they philosophise at the bottom of the ocean *!

* Monsieur DE SALES says, "since sovereigns have sent out astronomers and botanists in the eigh-

In reply to this sublime proposition, I only asked if it was kind, coming from an uncle to a nephew?

teenth century, to the remotest parts of the globe, they will dispatch in this *nineteenth* some *Pythagoras* with the sole view of observing MAN. "In the eighteenth century, learned men have traversed the seas to give perfection to science; but it will be in the *nineteenth*, that *philosophers will run over the globe*, to enlarge the empire of reason"—among the interesting classes of animals, my Uncle has noticed.

Philosophie de la NATURE, *vol.* v. *p.* 412.

He also wishes to procure a *merman*, and to give the marine-man a *philosophical education;* questions which he proposes to put to him, he thinks, if *clearly explained*, "would open the curtain, behind which nature conceals herself, and her *manner of working!*"

Vol. v. *p.* 398.

CHAPTER XL.

The man for WISDOM's various arts renown'd,
Long exercised in WOES—oh muse! resound!
Wand'ring from clime to clime!
Oh snatch some portion of THESE ACTS from fate!
Odyssey, Book 1.

THE TRAVELLERS—AN ANTI-LAVATERIST—A SUBLIME PEDESTRIAN—A BASALTINE—A SENTIMENTAL RUSSIAN—A MINOR BRITISH PEDESTRIAN—A PICTURESQUE TOURIST.

"CÆSAR!"—exclaimed my Uncle, wriggling in his chair, and amidst a party of tourists and travellers evidently losing his philosophical dignity!

"Cæsar! place these candles behind my back!"

He steadfastly eyed one of the travellers—who was examining him all about the head.

"Sir!" cried my Uncle, turning on him quickly, "I have watched you! I know I have to struggle with one great small difficulty Nature has placed on my shoulders."

"By heavens!" exclaimed this traveller, "that head of HAIR of yours, is the hair of *Newton!* I adore it for its quality; I admire it for its quantity; I love it for its colour*.

* LAVATER runs riot concerning HAIR! He says, "you must take care to distinguish its length, quantity, quality, and colour! It indicates a man's *manner of feeling!* and his *mental faculties!* It admits not of the least *dissimulation!* Long hair indicates *weakness; a noble head of hair* is of a golden yellow, with a soft gloss, &c. Lank black hair denotes poverty of intellect; but when thick and strong, assiduity and the love of order. Hair black and thin, on a half-bald head, a sound clear judgment; but excluding invention and the sallies of wit"—unfortunately this is the present writer's head! LAVATER addresses *Algernon Sydney* thus—"With no other inducement than thy

Mine's *a wig!* sorrowfully exclaimed my Uncle.

"A wig!"—cried the traveller, snatching off my Uncle's—"here's a skull*!"

My Uncle's hand trembled about his head, he could not grasp it! he hung down his face, ashamed of it!

"You injure me, Mr. Jacob," continued this traveller—"'tis the *tininess* of your occiput I admire! those small features are the filagree-work of Nature!"

HAIR, I should salute thee as an *honest man*, a zealous *patriot*, though, perhaps, *over violent*." Since LAVATER has published this fine hairy apostrophe, *anecdotes* have been given of *this patriot*, which, as I may say, will not suit *Algernon Sydney to a hair!* He looks like a president of the late London Corresponding Society!

* LAVATER and his son visited BONNET. LAVATER started up all of a sudden, tore off the wig from BONNET's head, and said to his son, Look, Henry; wherever you can behold such a head, there learn wisdom!

KARAMSIN's *Travels, vol.* ii. *p.* 121.

Here several of the tourists and travellers sneered or simpered—one shed a silent tear of sympathy!

This new theory was aromatic vinegar to my Uncle! he looked as fresh as a rose on the Anti-Lavaterist.

"Yes, Mr. Jacob!"—in a fine enthusiasm, throwing my Uncle's scanty wig into the fire, which expired in one short blaze—"I maintain that a small head is a most precious gift of nature! It compresses the cerebellum into a palpable æther, or invisible essence; 'tis a delicate toy! the finest piece of Nature's turnery! 'tis great, because 'tis little! Lavater and Camper only puffed their own immoderate skulls; you see what blunderbusses they all are!

"My demonstrations are not dryly geometrical, but strictly analogical. Every precious object is small. I ask the naturalist what is more exquisitely vital than his *ova?* I ask

the mathematician if a small circle be not as mathematically perfect as the largest? I ask the artist if a fine gem is not a miracle of art? I ask the perfumer if he puts attar of roses into quart bottles? I ask—"

"Subscribe your new theory!" (cried my Uncle) "the small-headed will shew the world that they have souls and purses as ample as their pompous rivals—"

"Curse the chair! I cannot bear it any longer!" exclaimed a tall bronzed lean-bodied gentleman, who starting up stroamed along the room—clearing a passage before him, he gave such amazing strides, that my Uncle declared he looked like an inhabitant of Jupiter.

"I see, sir, said my Uncle, you don't sit at your ease, notwithstanding all my chairs are Etruscan!"

"A curse light on all your chairs! I hate these sedentary habits"—he replied—"un-

naturally sitting on chairs! Does man in a state of enlightened nature, whom you call a savage, sit on a chair? Does a new born child sit on a chair? Do the legs repose as they hang all aside a chair? This sitting on chairs is, I have long been convinced, one of the great causes of that uneasy situation in which we all feel ourselves in this age. It is a sitting age, and we shall never advance a step in 'the moral motion'!"

"Sublime pedestrian!" said my Uncle, "why do you go a foot over 'the most interesting parts of the globe' * ?"

"Make a passage—I cannot bear to see you in this degenerated state, sitting by the fire side!"

To oblige this walking metaphysician we

* See "Travels over the most interesting Parts of the Globe to discover the Source of MORAL MOTION." These ranting metaphysical travels were undertaken by a person called "*Walking Stuart.*"

all promenaded after him. When he saw all the room in motion, alive and animated, he seemed a little calmed.

" I have been travelling these thirty years to discover ' the source of the moral motion.' Mankind is coming of age, after an infancy of near sixty centuries!"

" We are, no doubt"—interrupted my Uncle, significantly nodding his head—" doing wonderful things—but nothing to what the *nineteenth* century shall produce!"—Casting a glance around his library shelves—" All this population of books must pass away; one *modern* thrusts fifty of its predecessors out of their shelves! and after all proves to be only *an ancient in disguise!*"

" I abominate libraries!"—exclaimed the sublime pedestrian.—" There's a mist in a library! all verbal ideas! I have sought for real ideas in things themselves. I have run through the forests of North America; I

have swam in the Mississippi; I have strode on the top of Mont Blane! Why do not the great men of this world form a more commodious road to its top*? When I was last in London, I heard of the elephants of the Mogul; what I heard, I was sure was a lie! so I walked from London to Delhi—when I arrived they were watering; I stayed till I saw the Mogul and the elephants, and walked back from Delhi to London. With legs capable of sublime motion, you crawl about Europe! My legs and my soul have been moving about the whole domain of nature. Your opinions terminate with your extremities!"

"Pray," said a basaltine traveller, "is

* A Count Moltke, one of the nothing-to-do gentlemen I have noticed elsewhere, expressed his surprise to Karamsin, that none of the great men of this world have ever thought of doing this, to hand down his name to after ages. The sentimental Karamsin has the half-sense to observe that the Count is fond of *gigantic ideas! vol.* ii. *p.* 152.

Mount Ætna situated in a country formerly basaltic? Are basaltes formed by water or fire?"—the sublime pedestrian stared, but the Basaltine again asked, if he had ever seen the finest specimen of basaltic phenomena, the Giant's Causeway? "The Giant's Causeway!" the sublime pedestrian exclaimed—"I will set off to-morrow. I like the name!"

My Uncle enquired, if in all his travels he had ever discovered "this moral motion?"

"As I was walking in India, near Benares, I met a wealthy Bramin—he was on the earth, rolling along, now on his back, and now on his belly."—

"This, I take it, had no affinity to the moral motion!"—

"It had! but disguised by superstition. The wealthy Bramin was short and puffy, with an orbicular belly, and the sun was the sun of Benares! He was followed by a servant, whom, however, he indulged to travel

on his legs. I enquired why his master rolled along? 'My master,' he replied, 'is very rich, and could afford to sit still—but he has vowed, for reasons best known to himself, to roll on his back and belly two thousand miles.—My master has lately betrayed symptoms of lassitude, and if Brahma has no mercy on a puffy man!—he will be over-roasted!'

"Lord Monboddo practised the moral motion on all fours to bring him back to the pristine state of nature. But his Lordship was querulous that he had not a tail hanging between his legs."

Here the metaphysical pedestrian was interrupted by an involuntary sigh—it came from a sentimental Russian, who was leaning pensively on the back of his chair—with his white handkerchief he repeatedly wiped his face.

He was asked what ailed him?

" I sweat for the fat Bramin, overdone in the sun of Benares!" replied the sentimental Russian. " Any thing that happens in any place, or any age, such is the unhappy activity of my fancy, instantly happens to me! Whenever I come to a great city, immediately I begin to weep—yes, I burst into tears when I think there are rich and poor, inhabiting one place! I travel through Europe, the victim of involuntary ahs! and ohs! Ah! even *non-existencies*, of which I have met several in my travels, frighten me out of my senses * !"

" And I complain of realities!—the itch in

* " The road led through a wood, in which reigned the silence of the grave. I loudly called out, *Sylvan! Sylvan!* Echo repeated the name; and all was silent again. I fancied myself in the sanctuary of the *god of the woods.* I *saw* him at a distance, with *his cypress branch!* My *heart* felt such an emotion as *cannot be described!*"

KARAMSIN's *Travels, vol.* ii. *p.* 7.

the Highlands!"—exclaimed a pedestrian, not a sublime one! He had a crabstick in his hand, a night-cap for a wig, and a sailor's jacket for his travelling dress. "I have sought in my country for a little civility, but not a gentleman in all my tours would take me for one! Flattery could not always procure me half a bed; I was taken up as a spy at Dundee! I travelled like a ragged Plato, with an ideal republic in my head; but pigs' wash, mouldy bread, and a set of brutes, stared me at every pot-house! Such is the present state of SOCIETY!"

"You must have found some Whinstone in your peregrinations!" said the Basaltine traveller. No one replied. "Did you class them as I have done; whin, whinny, whinnick, and whinnatres? After I made this discovery, you cannot conceive how easy I felt."

My Uncle asked the minor pedestrian why he made himself so wretched, tramping it in

this scurvy condition? What he did when his linen was not sweet? and when he was ready to drop? Whether he was not at times *over-done*, like the *roasted Bramin* of Benares? Whether his feet were not blistered? My Uncle was particularly curious to learn the names of the places at which he had stopped to get his shoes cobbled—for TOM CORIAT, the venerable father of our present pedestrians, travelled over all Europe a-foot, walking 900 miles with one pair of shoes, which he got mended at Zurich*!

* Among the eccentricities of the day are "*Pedestrian* Tours." See the strange work of Mr. JOHN BRISTED and Dr. COWAN. They travel through the Highlands in the guise of two sailors, "to investigate the manners of the people!" They pretend through all this beggary shone out "an address and language, which if overlooked by any person, he must betray a *soul* and an *intellect*, vile, callous, hebetuated, and contracted!"—I suspect they rate too highly their fascination of "address and language;" for never did two hobgoblins of philosophers diffuse more

This unsufferable curiosity of my Uncle respecting cobbled shoes and sweet linen, displeased the minor pedestrian—so he pulled his wig-night-cap over his eyes, and slept by the side of the sentimental Russian.

"Romantic delights were mine when I went a castle-hunting in Wales"—exclaimed a picturesque tourist. "Golden hours of venerable antiquity and pictorial nature! The

terror! Who, indeed, perceiving a refined metaphysician in a vagrant tarpaulin, but would not immediately conclude him to be a mutineer? These two ragged stoics could, however, condescend to flatter, to flim-flam, and practise a hundred impositions, above the art of the most refined Petronius Arbiter, or the most corrupt Aristippus of a voluptuous court. If a Platonic politician will humiliate himself by such servile adulation, he is a fool to exchange so precious a talent for a slice of rancid bacon, or a slip of a toasted bannock! I have read over their sufferings, "sounding the very base string of humility," till I have laughed myself into tears—so strange a mixture has Mr. BRISTED raised in my "home-keeping" soul of the ludicrous and the pathetic!

sun, the while I was in Wales, was a sun no Welehman ever saw! it had always a golden effulgence, shining over varied hills, gleaming on nodding groves, gilding over the valley, and, the valley was obscured in grandly-projeeted shadows! I aseended a rock erowned with the frowning ruin of a eastle, with a tempestuous eloud breaking against it!"

"Did you always find the tempestuous eloud upon the frowning ruin?" asked my Unele.

"Sir," observed the pieturesque tourist—"would you insinuate I am flim-flamming?"

My Unele apologized; the pieturesquist proeeeded.—"Sublimely have I wandered among Druidieal remains! I have eaten my bread and cheese in a Cromleeh; and when I could not get a bed, I walked by the side of a Welch river, and apostrophized it! Ah! did you never hear my Address to the river

Llandovery? 'Farewell, thou limpid current!—Flow on, thou sweet stream! My feeble pen is far beneath thy merits' *!"

"Was your Cromlech, a volcanic production?" once more enquired the Basaltine. Not one of the party was mineralogical! so he never could get an answer to his question!

"Ah! what language! what ideas!" exclaimed the sentimental Russian, striking his forehead, stamping his feet,—"you would have been a worthy companion of Lavater. This great man loved 'AHS! and OHS!' He

* In a Welch pedestrian tour, by GEORGE LIPSCOMB, Esq. the author apostrophizes a Welch river in this manner for a long page. See *Annual Review, vol.* i. *p.* 498. Since he says he writes all this out of *gratitude* to this river, he ought to have thrown this fine piece of prose, after having written it, into the river! otherwise I do not see the river will be under any great obligation!

had a little Ejaculating and Epitheting Society about him*."

The sentimental Russian now told us he had seen Rousseau in his Armenian dress, lying flat in a boat, which floated gently on the stream, while Rousseau fixed his eyes on him, full of pensive sweetness—this was when at Peter's Island! At Ferney he had seen Voltaire in his bed-chamber and his study; he sat in his arm-chair, his night-gown loosely hung over his skeleton body; he had sharp, lively eyes, like gimlet-holes, he felt them

* KARAMSIN gives an odd account of a *curious Society of Sentimentalists*. He says, "Count MOLTKE and the poet BAGGESEN are liked by Lavater on account of their vivacity, for they are equally friends to *ahs!* and *ohs!* The Count strikes his forehead and stamps with his feet, and BAGGESEN, folding his hands, fixes his eyes on heaven, when LAVATER speaks with warmth."

Professor PICTET, had he seen this very grotesque set of humorous enthusiasts, would have considered them to have used pretty freely the *gaseous oxyd!*

boring his soul. Then he told us he saw Shakspeare on the banks of the Avon"—he was proceeding, when my Uncle interrupted him by enquiring his age.

" My age!" replied the angried Russian, " I am not yet come of age! I am a Sentimentalist!"—Turning to me, my Unele said in a whisper, " My dear nephew, I have now seen enough of travellers, and tourists; let them publish in quarto, but keep your wits, and live in your own parish!"

" You are all a most intolerably stupid party, to tell my mind frankly: you have all travelled to a grand purpose! truly, not one knows what basalte means! During five hours not a word about basaltes! And is it thus you throw away your physieal and intelleetual faeulties, without the slightest curiosity, whether basaltes are formed by fire or water!" This said, the Basaltine traveller flung out of the room.

When the party broke up, being a wet night, the Sentimentalist took me aside, and drew tears from mine eyes by his querulous declamation that he should get himself soaked!—I offered him the loan of an old great coat, without his pawning any thing; which circumstance he has so enthusiastically noticed as "a national characteristic!" So that my old great coat was as good as a gift to the three kingdoms*! Embracing me, the sentimentalist assured me, "it was a great thing for my Uncle to have such a

* Mr. PICTET, being caught in a heavy shower, an innkeeper at Edinburgh lent him, without knowing any thing about him, or asking for any security, an old plaid coat! "I give these little traits," says he, "because they serve to appreciate the national character!"

We also find a similar anecdote of an apothecary, who, when Mr. Pictet's servant was seized by cholic pains, administered a dose of laudanum and æther, which quieted his disturbed viscera—and refused sixpence for the draught!—Mr. Pictet is in an ecstasy on a Scotchman's disinterestedness! *p.* 52.

nephew as myself, and for a nephew like me to have such an Uncle!" He pressed me very hard to write down some anecdotes of Jacob, to fill up his travelling notes—but I preferred to make this attempt myself in this age of anecdote, conceiving that the "memorable things" of the Uncle, might be an honest penny in the pocket of the affectionate nephew!

CHAPTER XLI.

A very slight inquiry concerning NEW MACHINES and INVENTIONS, will serve to strike out nine tenths of the objects, to which public attention is solicited!

NICHOLSON's Journal, *vol.* ii. *p.* 309.

SOME OF MY UNCLE'S PROJECTS—OF MR. TOPSY-TURVY, MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF GIMLETS AND GIMLET-HOLES!

My Uncle at this time was busied with certain inventions, which he had laid before the Society for the encouragement of Arts and Manufactures in the Adelphi—and elsewhere!—but his important discoveries, being often of a metaphysical character, connecting

mind with matter, he puzzled those laborious mechanics with two ideas at a time! Those who had eyes and hands to decide on a gimlet, or a gimlet-hole, in five minutes were fatigued to death by his close reasoning about some invention, which they conceived to be no invention at all!

He came down to the Society, hot with a *metaphysical plough*, which CACONOUS had described. It was of such nice workmanship, that if this "*plough* was turned out into a field, it would perform its office without the *need of superintendance!*" It occasioned a *motion* to be made in the Society, by a *plough-maker*, which evidently shewed he was in a great passion; it was however the only *motion* this plough could have produced.

My Uncle had nearly discovered "the perpetual motion," only losing two seconds in 3700—but the aforementioned Society, who are precise and obstinate, maliciously

asserted, that for a *perpetual motion* one indispensable thing is required—*materials which will never wear out!* Now my Uncle, after all his pains, was vexed to be so flouted! so he affirmed that he knew of such materials! and what seemed wonderful, they were carefully preserved in the Society itself! He told them that he did not choose openly to reveal this precious secret, but would deliver it down to posterity in the same guarded manner the illustrious Roger Bacon did, when he discovered gunpowder, by forming an anagram of the composition. My Uncle, therefore, deposited the following letters in their archives, which they have carefully preserved:

BLCKHDS!

These he declares to be materials which will never wear out among them, and which, therefore, are what is required by the said

Society, with which to construct a *perpetual motion!*

Attending too regularly their committees, he had in consequence very feverish nights, with disturbed dreams, about catching porpoises in the Thames, to extract oil from them, (that is from the porpoises, not from the committees)—and concerning the dry rot—the perpetual motion—a sweet mode of emptying necessaries—making hay in wet weather—and a new way of milking cows *!

But certainly one of the most useful projects of my Uncle's, in what has been called *popular philosophy* for the common uses of life, and which, in my humble opinion, excels any of Count RUMFORD's, was that of

* These are *some* of the curious subjects investigated in that Senate of mechanics—where any man, by paying two guineas annually, may make more than two hundred speeches in a year. So that he does not pay more for his speeches than they are worth!

driving an obstinate pig! It was laid before the Committee of the present Society, but little comprehended by their mechanical genius, which has never attended to the studies of platonic metaphysics. It is a mode which ought to be generally known and practised in all families. It consists simply in driving the PIG, *the contrary way you wish him to go!* a principle which, had the great philosopher HERDER been acquainted with, would have been advantageously introduced into his "Philosophy of Man!"

Our house was now changed into a vast repository of mechanical inventions; useful and amusing, as my Uncle called them. But of their utility some persons were extremely doubtful; and as for their amusement, we found it very dangerous to walk about our house even in the day-time. Many a trap seemed laid for the unscientific. It required some skill to shut a door in our house

—there was but one way of doing it, and that was the oddest imaginable! but there were fifty ways which a man would naturally try at, and when he thought he had shut the door, he would find himself suddenly inclosed in a closet between three doors! We had a chest of drawers which no thief could open, unless he used a hatchet; for if you pulled at the drawers all day, you only screwed them down by a perpendicular force! When you sunk into a chair, suddenly started up a table without legs; and which, convenient or not, was perpetually before you, and slipped like a thunderbolt into the seat of the chair when you rose! As for our window frames, they were made with such nice science, that my Uncle did not care to have them much used; the least derangement of the machinery might have occupied a year, to put a pulley in*!

* See Monsieur PICTET's descriptive narrative of Mr. EDGEWORTH's house in Ireland.

Voyage de Trois Mois, p. 188.

My Uncle had been one day expecting Mr. Topsy-Turvy for three hours—he had intreated to have the honour of sweeping one of our chimnies by a new mode! It was keen frosty weather—a violent ringing was heard at the gate, and Cæsar exclaimed, a post-chaise has come up, all of itself, neither post-boy, nor post-horse!—We looked out, and behold Mr. Topsy-Turvy wiping his face, and, in such frosty weather, was reeking with perspiration. He bounced into the parlour—our eyes had not deceived us—he seemed to have just leapt out of a hot-bath.

"You are in a very comfortable state," observed my Uncle—"my philosophical fire-place can't heat us to-day"—nor, indeed, my Uncle might have added, any day in cold weather.

"I must give up the invention"—cried Topsy-Turvy, visibly agitated. "I am par-

boiled; and, if you speak much, I shall simmer into a passion!"

"This is," observed my Uncle, "some unfortunate conclusion of some happy invention!"

"Certainly it is a happy one"—continued the philosophical post-chaise driver—"for the last mile I have been travelling these three hours in my self-moving *post-chaise*, worked by a *steam engine!* Could I but have borne it! but every piece of me drops with humidity! see how my head steams with vapour!"

"You smell just like a steamed potatoe," observed my Uncle; "but take my advice, and the post-chaise, worked by steam, may yet succeed. Consider yourself as a piece of meat to be cooked. Take away the lid from your pot, that is, remove the head of the post-chaise; the steam-boiler being in the body of the chaise, you will only feel

your extremities undergo the process of stewing, and in a keen frosty day this will be very tolerable."

"I can't tell, my friend," (observed TOPSY-TURVY,) "what part of me may not be dissipated by evaporation. A *pneumatic post-chaise* is a very ingenious invention, but the inventor shall never ride in it!"

"If mechanics are allowed to get on at this rate, post-boys and post-horses, both animals capable of the enjoyments of happiness, will be thrown out of the creation!" observed my Uncle.

TOPSY-TURVY replied, "Would you compare a *man* and a *horse*, with that *sublimer being*, a STEAM-ENGINE*!

* A great philosopher of the present day positively prefers the STEAM-ENGINE, and very humanely calls it, a *being!*

"*Two creatures* offer themselves to me for employment and support—a MAN and a HORSE! I must invariably prefer the latter, and leave the former to

We told Mr. TOPSY-TURVY that the chimney was ready to be swept—but he declined chimney-sweeping that day, as it was necessary for him to climb a little up the chimney to fix his apparatus—and besides, he was still steaming, and by no means in a state favourable to chimney-sweeping.

Mr. TOPSY-TURVY curiously amused us with various domestic inventions. He took out of his pocket a pair of tongs, shovel, and poker, which he always carried about him! they folded up very neatly, and were completely a *pocket poker*, *pocket tongs*, and a *pocket shovel!*

starve! *Two other beings*—a HORSE and a STEAM-ENGINE, are *candidates* for my favour! My preference to the latter tends to exterminate the species of the former!—In both cases, it is stated by humane, but mistaken, objectors, that the scheme of mechanical and chemical improvement is pointed against the *human species*, and drives them out of employment!"

NICHOLSON'S *Journal, vol.* ii. *p.* 460, *quarto.*

He shewed a *self-moving lamp*, which kept itself in a perpetual state of rotation in the oil; he was much pleased by the eccentricity of its wick, and the *sailing* of his lamp! But my Uncle objected to its use, preferring a steady light!

He described his new scavenger's cart, to clean the streets. It had brooms on one side to brush up the mud in a heap, and then turning the cart, it had self-rising shovels on the other to scoop the mud into the cart.

He had also, what he called a *complete umbrella*, built upon the principle of a light moveable sentry-box, with two small windows for the eyes.

He had a scheme for *tanning certain human hides*, which, if *properly beaten*, would make excellent *leather!*

He had a patent for enabling *coblers* to

stand while they worked; but the coblers, conceived something degrading in the idea, and proudly persist in the *sitting* posture; preferring to be crippled, rather than to be humiliated.

END OF VOL. II.

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